



WHOLE NUMBER 9060

NEWPORT, R. I., APRIL 2, 1921

VOLUME CLXII—NO. 43

The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editors.

A. H. SANBORN.

Mercury Building,
127 THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Newport, R. I., under the Act of March 3d, 1879.

Established June, 1768, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, and selected material on general topics, farm and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Terms: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies, in wrappers, 1 cent. Extra copies can always be obtained at office of publication.

Specimen copies sent free and special rates given to advertisers by addressing the publishers.

Local Matters.

ART ASSOCIATION ENTERTAINMENTS

The Art Association of Newport seems to be a live organization. Many entertainments have been planned for its members and the public which have proved of much interest. Now they have laid out a course of lectures and entertainments for Saturday afternoons and evenings during the months of April and May which ought to be very valuable. The first will take place at four o'clock this afternoon and will be a lecture by Rear Admiral William S. Sims, U. S. N., President of the Naval War College. The subject, The First Line of Defense.

The next, on Saturday, April 9th, will be a lecture by Mr. Harrison S. Morris, one of our well known summer residents and President of the Art Association. His subject will be American Art of Today, with some other remarks.

April 16th will be an illustrated lecture by Mr. Roger Gilman, Dean of the Rhode Island School of Design.

April 23, another illustrated lecture by Mr. Charles J. Connick.

Saturday afternoon, April 30th, will be an afternoon of music arranged by Miss Lola Phinney and Mrs. Eugene Sturtevant.

May 7th, 8th and 9th will be school exhibitions in the class rooms. May 14th will be an illustrated lecture postponed from March 26th, by Dr. Edwin Wiley, Librarian of the Naval War College.

Mrs. M. Anna Ford has tendered her resignation as a teacher in the commercial department of the Rogers High School, to take effect immediately. She will accept a similar position in East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Ford has been connected with the staff of the Rogers High School for a number of years, and has made many friends in Newport. Her resignation was quite unexpected.

The re-built Ann Street pier will be ready for occupancy within a short time, as the contractor has about finished his work. Following the hard use by the Navy during the war, the pier had to be practically rebuilt, the United States Government bearing a part of the expense.

The many friends of Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D., are rejoiced to learn that he is well advanced on the road to complete recovery following his operation of some weeks since. Although still weak, Dr. Terry is now practically well.

Mr. William F. Watson, Jr., of this city, who was a lieutenant in the aviation service during the war, went to Albany last Saturday and gave an exhibition of flying with a parachute descent before a large audience.

A portion of the old Bailey farm in Middletown has been selected as an army aviation landing field and has been properly designated so that the marks can be seen from the air.

Mr. H. Nelson Gifford, Jr., of St. Stephen's College, Annandale-on-Hudson, is spending his Easter vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh N. Gifford, on Farewell street.

There are many cases of both scarlet fever and diphtheria in Newport and the Newport Hospital has about reached its capacity for the care of these diseases.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander J. MacIver are enjoying a trip to Washington.

JAMESTOWN ELECTION

The voters and the officials of the Town of Jamestown have been in a week of trouble over the annual town election which will take place next Wednesday. There has been considerable confusion and uncertainty as to what names should appear on the ballot, and court proceedings were invoked to settle the argument. As the matter now stands, the only names to be printed on the official ballots are those men who were nominated in the Republican caucus held recently. Following that caucus, when the Alton-Head wing of the party carried the contest generally, nomination papers were circulated for a number of the present incumbents and received apparently the requisite number of signatures. These nomination papers were filed with Town Clerk Severance and the Town's attorney was called upon for advice as to whether they should appear on the ballots. Learning that it was the intention to place these nominees on the ballot, representatives of the Republican caucus appealed to the Supreme Court for a writ of mandamus to compel the Town Clerk to leave off all names but those nominated in the Republican caucus.

A hearing was granted by the Supreme Court in Providence on Wednesday, and was attended by a large portion of the town's people who were anxious to learn the result. Both sides were represented by able counsel and the case was bitterly contested. The petition for a writ of mandamus was granted by a majority of the Court, Judge Stearns dissenting. The whole case was based upon the provisions of the Jamestown caucus act, which specifically prohibited the signing of nomination papers by persons who had participated in a regular party caucus within a specified time. The session of the Supreme Court was a long one, but most of the Jamestown people remained in the courtroom until 7.00 o'clock in the evening.

The election will take place next Wednesday and the only names on the official ballot will be those who were nominated in the Republican caucus.

As required by the secret ballot law, there is of course a blank column for any candidate that the voter may care to write in.

The Republican nominations were as follows:

For Moderator, William F. Caswell. For Town Clerk, William H. Severance.

For Town Council: 1, Lewis W. Hull; 2, John E. Brayman; 3, George W. Peckham, Jr.; 4, Herbert H. Head; 5, Albert H. Cheshire.

For Town Treasurer, William A. Clarke.

For Town Auditors, Laura V. Watson, Hester A. Tennant.

For Town Sergeant, Matthew H. Kelley.

For Assessor of Taxes for 5 years, Thomas C. Watson.

For Tax Collector, Chester S. Lyon.

For Overseer of the Poor, Herbert A. Gardner. School Committee for 5 years, George H. Carr.

For Town's Committee Jamestown & Newport Ferry Co., for 3 years, Thomas D. Wright.

The names on nomination papers excluded from the ballot were as follows:

For Moderator, James R. Masterson.

For Town Clerk, William H. Severance.

For Town Council: 1, Lewis W. Hull; 2, Chester J. Greene; 3, George C. Carr; 4, Preston E. Peckham; 5, Albert H. Cheshire.

For Town Treasurer, Ralph P. G. Hull.

For Town Auditors, Frank E. Babcock, Harrison M. Littlefield.

For Town Sergeant, George H. Sheehan.

For Assessor of Taxes, for 5 years, George D. Anthony.

For Tax Collector, LeRoy F. Meredit.

For Overseer of the Poor, Herbert A. Gardner.

School Committee for 5 years, George H. Carr.

For Town's Committee Jamestown & Newport Ferry Co., for 3 years, Jesse C. Teft.

Mr. Reginald Stevens Kimball of this city has been selected by the Class of 1921 at Brown University to deliver the Ode at the Class Day exercises this year. Mr. Kimball is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Kimball of this city and has been prominent in his class from the time of entering college. He is a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity.

The members of the Miantonomi Club will have a "get-together" dinner in the club rooms next Monday evening. A large attendance is expected.

The price of coal has been reduced, one ton now costing only \$16.75 in Newport. And we used to kick when it went to eight dollars a ton.

The trustees of the island cemetery Company have re-elected the old officers for another year—John M. Taylor as president, William Stevens secretary and treasurer, Andrew K. McMahon superintendent and John Mahan assistant superintendent. The grounds committee consists of President John M. Taylor, William H. Easton and Herbert Bliss.

EASTER TEMPLAR BALL

The annual Easter ball by Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars on Monday evening was one of the most delightful affairs ever given in Masonic Hall. There was a large attendance of members and guests, but the hall was not too crowded to permit of comfortable dancing. Most of the Commandery members appeared in the Templar uniform and the insignia of the Order played an important part in the decorative scheme. Although not too elaborate the decorations were in excellent taste and the hall presented a very attractive appearance.

The Ray Croff orchestra furnished music, responding freely to the constant demand for encores. Refreshments were served in the upper hall throughout the evening, consisting of chicken salad, ice cream, cake and coffee.

In the absence of Eminent Commander Henry A. Curtis, the Generalissimo, Benjamin F. Downing, 3d, was at the head of the committee of arrangements, consisting of the officers of the Commandery and some of the Past Commanders.

NAVAL ENSIGN MISSING

Federal and police authorities are searching for Ensign Joseph J. Lyman, assistant paymaster, attached to the scout cruiser Chester, who disappeared from Boston last week leaving a considerable shortage in his accounts. Ensign Lyman married a Newport girl, Miss Jennie G. Lawton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Lawton. Mrs. Lyman now resides with her father in this city, having her two children with her. Their home is on Washington street. Until the newspapers announced the disappearance of her husband, Mrs. Lyman had no suspicion of anything being wrong, either with his family affairs or with his naval accounts. The marriage took place in 1916, at St. Joseph's Church.

R. I. S. PLANS REVISED

Architect B. Hammett Seabury met with the aldermanic committee on the new high school last Saturday evening and final details of the revision in the plans to come within the amount available were agreed upon. Mr. Seabury expects to have the new plans and specifications ready for bidders in about one month, and it is hoped that work can be begun by the first of June. The bidders will be required to bind themselves to have the work completed by September, 1922.

It is believed that the revision of the plans will make it possible to erect and equip the building within the amount available.

MISS MARY M. ENGS

Miss Mary Mein Engs, who died in Washington on Sunday, was a member of an old and well known Newport family, which is now almost extinct. She was a daughter of the late Samuel Engs and lived in Newport for many years, where the family owned considerable valuable property.

She leaves two sisters, Mrs. Royal B. Bradford, whose husband is a rear admiral in the Navy, and Miss Elizabeth S. Engs. Two brothers, Dr. George Engs and Mr. John S. Engs, died number of years ago.

Mrs. Edward M. Riley died at her New York home on Sunday after an illness of several months. She was a daughter of the late John R. Caswell of this city and was well known here, having returned to Newport to spend the summers, although making her permanent home in New York. She is survived by her husband, who is connected with a prominent New York bank, and two children—Mrs. Albert Kerr of this city and Mr. John C. Riley.

Miss Edith Elizabeth Lawson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Lawson, and Mr. Henry A. Curtis, assistant cashier of the Aquidneck National Bank, were united in marriage on Sunday at the home of the bride's parents on Bliss Road, the ceremony being performed in the presence of immediate relatives. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Curtis started for Florida to spend their honeymoon. They will return to Newport about April 17.

The members of the cast of the Unity Club play on Tuesday attended the performance at the Opera House the following evening, having seats together. Later they enjoyed a supper party at the Canton Restaurant. It was a singular coincidence that the same play that was produced before the Unity Club was shown as a moving picture on the Opera House screen the first three evenings this week.

The Newport Rod & Gun Association has been organized for the purpose of bettering the game and fishing conditions in Newport County. At a meeting of those interested, held in Mercury Hall on Tuesday evening, the organization was perfected and William B. Thurston was elected president, Eugene Lang vice president, Alexander Fraser treasurer, and L. A. Emerson secretary.

There will be a special meeting of the representative council next Wednesday evening for the purpose of taking action on a number of matters to be laid before the General Assembly before that body adjourns for the year. The most important of these matters is the proposed act to establish biennial elections and two-year terms for city officers.

UNITY CLUB

A screaming farce that kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter marked the closing dramatic reading of the season before the Unity Club on Tuesday evening, when Miss Almira B. Coffin presented Carlyle Moore's farce "Stop Thief." The play was one of the most difficult to produce of the many that have been staged at that Club, one of the difficulties being to find room on the tiny stage for the sixteen members of the cast. Then, again, the fun was so fast and furious that to read it without committing the lines to memory was a difficult undertaking, so that some of the players learned their lines throughout. There were many properties that had to be kept constantly in mind or the action of the play would be spoiled.

As it was, everything went off without a hitch, due to the able efforts of Miss Coffin and her very capable cast, most of whom have been frequent readers before the Club. The audience was very large, some of them being unable to obtain seats, but being obliged to stand throughout the whole performance. A welcome feature to the audience was the fact that there was absolutely no delay between the acts, there being but one scene for the whole play and no change of costumes. Consequently the curtain was dropped for only a moment between the three acts and the play was practically continuous.

The next meeting of the Club will be the annual on Tuesday evening next, when the annual election of officers will take place. President Holt has announced that Mr. A. O'D. Taylor will decline a re-election as secretary, and this announcement came as a severe blow to the members of the Club. His will be a very difficult place to fill.

A COLD SNAP

Monday night there was a sudden drop in temperature which was decidedly unpleasant following the unusually warm weather that had prevailed all through the month of March. Tuesday morning the mercury was way below freezing, marking about 20 degrees all through the city.

As far as could be determined no particular damage was done to vegetation in this vicinity, because in spite of the warm weather the fruit trees were not very far advanced. In some parts of the middle West great damage was done by the sudden freeze.

Monday night before the big drop in temperature there was a variety of fog, rain and snow, which made it very disagreeable to be out. The snow did not amount to anything, however. The temperature has risen considerably since the first of the week, but has not yet attained the high mark of the middle of the month.

Although the United States Weather Bureau gave promise of a fair day for Easter in its forecast a few days in advance, the predictions in the Mercury Almanac, published last January, were far more accurate. Easter Sunday was a very disagreeable day, foggy and damp. In consequence, the customary Easter display of new spring garments was conspicuous by its absence. There was a good attendance at the special services in the churches throughout the day. Bishop Perry preached the sermon at Emmanuel Church and confirmed a class of 37 candidates.

The members of the cast of the Unity Club play on Tuesday attended the performance at the Opera House the following evening, having seats together. Later they enjoyed a supper party at the Canton Restaurant. It was a singular coincidence that the same play that was produced before the Unity Club was shown as a moving picture on the Opera House screen the first three evenings this week.

The Newport Rod & Gun Association has been organized for the purpose of bettering the game and fishing conditions in Newport County. At a meeting of those interested, held in Mercury Hall on Tuesday evening, the organization was perfected and William B. Thurston was elected president, Eugene Lang vice president, Alexander Fraser treasurer, and L. A. Emerson secretary.

There will be a special meeting of the representative council next Wednesday evening for the purpose of taking action on a number of matters to be laid before the General Assembly before that body adjourns for the year. The most important of these matters is the proposed act to establish biennial elections and two-year terms for city officers.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was a busy one, with a number of important matters for consideration. When petitions for various forms of city licenses were read, City Solicitor Sullivan called attention to the fact that some license holders had not paid their city taxes, and the board believed that this should be required. A committee was appointed to confer with Tax Collector Higbee in regard to the matter. Licenses for the sale of fireworks were also discussed, Alderman Martin saying that at the next meeting of the board he would move that no fireworks be sold in Newport. He called attention to a fatal accident last year.

Alderman Williams gave notice that at the meeting of the representative council next week he will move to change the date of ending daylight saving from the last Sunday in October to the last Sunday in September in order to correspond with the time of other communities.

The board of health submitted a communication, requesting certain changes in the new city ambulance which they claimed did not comply with specifications. This will be arranged.

The board voted to protest against the removal of any of the trains now running between Newport and Boston, confirming action of this kind by Mayor Mulhoney. A large amount of routine business was transacted.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Although the time has passed for the introduction of new business into the General Assembly for this session, it is expected that the bills relating to the city of Newport, which will doubtless be approved by the representative council next Wednesday evening, will be admitted under suspension of the rules.

A large amount of business has been cleared up by both houses this week, and more important matters are on the calendar for next week. The Sherman bill to prohibit daylight saving in any community in the State was killed on the floor of the Senate this week by a close vote. This was rather a surprise to many persons, as it was thought that the bill might pass the Senate, but would have little chance in the House.

The so-called Sayles Probate Act is on the calendar for next week in the Senate and will doubtless cause a fight on the floor. There is much opposition to the measure among the legal fraternity, and as the bill has already passed the House the fight will have to be made in the Senate. The bill is generally expected to pass.

April 18th will be the sixtieth day of the session and after that the members will have to serve without pay if the session is continued.

OLD NEWPORT HOUSES

The April Bulletin of the Newport Historical Society contains a very interesting paper by Mrs. Marie J. Gale, which was read before the Society on February 21st, entitled "Some Old Newport Houses." The article describes

The WRECKERS

By FRANCIS LYNDE

COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SON

CHAPTER VIII.

A Close Call

At the "Y" siding we stopped—without going on to the gravel track where Gorcher had seen the lost 1010—and Kirgan and I got off with a lantern. This was because, on the way down, I had managed to tell the big master-mechanic about the Cantrell talk, though I hadn't succeeded in making him believe that it accounted for Mr. Norcross' drop-out. Just the same he humored me by saying Billy Gorcher stop; and now he was trying to make me take it sort of slow and easy as we stumbled out toward the stem of the "Y." That was Kirgan's way. He was as hard as nails with a gang of men, but he could be as soft-hearted as any woman when a fellow was all in. And he knew I wasn't half "at myself," yet, physically.

"Don't get too much hope up, Jimmie," he was saying, as we humped along around the crooking track of the "Y." "We ain't goin' to find anything out yonder but a rusty loggin' track and that broken rail connection. You see, I've been here before, and I know."

He was as right as could be. When we reached the end of the "Y" there was the broken connection, just as he'd said. The old saw-mill track was still there, leading off in the dark up the gulch, but the two switch rails had been taken out and the switch itself was as rusty as if it hadn't been used in years.

"What you heard from Mr. Cantrell may have been all true enough," Kirgan said, while I stood swallowing hard and staring down at the broken rail connection, "only it didn't have anything to do with the big boss. Them thugs was probably plannin' to wreck the Mail, all right, and they came down here to do it. The Lord only knows why they didn't do it; perhaps there wasn't time enough, after they'd got the Sixteen, in on the gravel track."

I only just about half heard what he was saying. He had the lantern, and its light fell squarely upon a cross-tie a foot or two beyond where we were standing. It was the last tie in the empty string from which the two rails had been taken up to break the connection with the lighter saw-mill track steel, and what I was looking at was a fresh spike hole; fresh beyond all question of doubt because there was a clean new splinter of the wood sticking up beside it—a splinter that had been broken out when the spike was pulled.

I took the lantern from Kirgan in my one good hand, and he stood there waiting for me while I walked on out to the chopped-off end of the saw-mill track, examining the loose ties as I went along. There were fresh spike holes in some of the others; just one here and there. But that was enough. After I had knelt to hold the lantern close to the rails of the rusty, timber track I knew my hunch was all right.

"Come here, Maet!" I called, and when he came, I showed him the new holes and new wheel-marks on the old, rusty rails of the timber track that proved as clear as daylight that an engine or a train had been over them away this side of the rails and the snows that had rusted them.

Kirgan didn't say a word—not to me. He just took one look at the rubbed rails and then yelled back to Gorcher to run out on the "Y." What followed went like clockwork. There were tools, a spike-puller and a driving-maul, on the light engine's tender, and while the two men were throwing them off, Kirgan made a couple of swift measurements with his pocket tape.

"These two, right here, boys," he ordered, indicating a pair of rails in the other leg of the "Y," and in less than no time the two rails were up and ready to bridge the gap of the broken connection.

I suppose we poked along into the black heart of the Timber range for as much as five or six miles before the engine headlight showed us the remains of the old saw-mill camp lying in a little pocket-like valley from the sides of which all the mill timber had been cut. The camp had been long deserted. There were perhaps a dozen shacks of all sizes and shapes, and with a single exception they were all dilapidated and dismantled, some with the roofs falling in.

The one exception was the stout log building which had probably served as the mill-gang commissary and store. The ties at this end of the line were so rotten with age that our engine was grinding a good half of them to powder as she edged up, and a little below the switch that had formerly led to the mill, Kirgan gave Gorcher the stop signal.

After we had plied off, there wasn't any question raised as to what we should do. Kirgan had taken a hammer from Gorcher's tool box, and he was the one who led the way straight across the little creek and up the hill to the commissary.

When we reached the building we found the windows all boarded up and the door fastened with a strong hasp and a bright new brass padlock—the only new thing in sight. Kirgan swung

the knock-out night, and which had been in my pocket ever since.

He heard me through without saying word, and when I gave him the telegrams he read them by the light of the gauge lamp—also without saying anything. But when the men bad the "Y" rails replaced he took hold of things again with a jerk.

"Kirgan, you'll want to see to getting that dead engine out of the gravel pit yourself. Take one of the firemen and go to it. It's a short mile and you can walk in. Jimmie and I went to get back to Portal City in a hurry, and Gorcher will take us." And then to Gorcher: "We'll run to Banta ahead of Number Eighteen and get orders there. Move lively, Jimmie; time's precious."

We made Banta at a record clip. While he was in the Banta wire office, getting orders for Portal City, Mr. Norcross took the time-card out of its cage in the cab and fell to studying it by the light of the gauge lamp. Gorcher came back pretty soon with his clearance, which gave him the right to run to Arroyo as first section of Number Eighteen.

The boss blew up like a Roman candle when he saw that train order. I meant that we were to take the siding at Arroyo with the freight that was just behind us, and wait there for the westbound "Flyer," the "Flyer" being due in Portal City from the east at 9:15, and due to leave there, coming west, at 9:20. I didn't realize at the moment why the boss was so sizzling anxious to cut out the delay which would be imposed on us by the wait at Arroyo, but the anxiety was there, all right.

"Billy, it's eighteen miles to Portal, and you've got twenty minutes to make it against the 'Flyer's' leaving time," he rapped out. "Can you do it?" Gorcher said he could. If he didn't have to lose any more time getting his order changed.

"Let her go!" snapped the boss. "I'm taking all the responsibility."

That was enough for Gorcher, and the way he hustled out of the Banta yard was a caution. In exactly eight minutes out of Banta we tore over the switches at Arroyo. "That left us ten miles to go, and twelve minutes in which to make them. It was easy. A yardman let us in on the spur at the end of the headquarters building, and the boss was off to half a mile. "Come along with me, Jimmie," he commanded quickly, and I couldn't imagine why he was in such a tearing hurry. Pushing through the platform crowd, made up of people who were getting off the "Flyer" and those who were waiting to get on, he led the way straight upstairs to our offices.

Of course, there was nobody there at that time of night, and the place was all dark until we switched the electrics on. There was a little laboratory off the third room of the suite, and Mr. Norcross went in and washed his face and hands. In a minute or two he came out, put on his office coat, opened up his desk, lighted a cigar and sat down at the desk as though he had just come in from a late dinner at the club. And still he had me guessing.

The guess didn't have to wait long. While I was making a blurt at uncorking my typewriter and getting ready for business, there was a heavy step in the hall, and a red-faced, portly gentleman with fat eyes and little-close-cropped English side-whiskers came bustling in. He had a light top-coat on his arm, and his tan gloves were an exact match for his spats.

"Good evening," he said, nodding sort of brusquely at the boss. "I'm looking for the general manager's office."

"You've found it," said the boss, crisply.

The tan-gloved gentleman looked first at me and then at Mr. Norcross.

"You are the chief clerk, perhaps?" he suggested, pitching the query in the general direction of the big desk.

"Hardly," was the curt rejoinder. "My name is Norcross. What can I do for you?"

"If I didn't hate strong so bad, I should say that the portly man looked as if he were going to throw a fit."

"Not—not Graham Norcross?" he stammered.

"Well, yes; I am 'Graham'—to my friends. Anything else?"

The portly gentleman subsided into a chair.

"There is some misunderstanding about this," he said, his voice thickening a little—with anger, I thought. "My name is Dismuke, and I am the general manager of this railroad."

"I wouldn't dispute the name, but your title is away off," said Mr. Nor-

cross. The two young huskies obeyed the order promptly. In half a minute the dry slab stuff that the bunks were built of was ablaze, and the boss herded us to the door, and a minute or so later we were all climbing into the cab of the waiting engine.

We had to run so slowly down the old track to the "Y" that there was plenty of chance for the boss to talk, if he had wanted to. But apparently he didn't want to. He sat on the fireman's seat, with an arm back of me to hold me on; just as Kirgan had sat on the way up, and never opened his head except once to ask me what was the matter with my wrapped-up hand. When I told him, he made no comment, and didn't speak again until we had stopped on the leg of the "Y" to let Kirgan and his three helpers put the borrowed rails back into place.

"You say it's Friday," he began abruptly. "What's been going on since Monday night, Jimmie?"

I bolted it down for him into just a few words as possible: about the letter he had left for Mr. Van Britt, how everybody thought he had resigned, how Mrs. Sheila and the major were two of the few who weren't willing to believe it, how Mr. Chadwick had been out of reach, how the railroad outfit was flopping around like a chicken with its head chopped off. How President Dunton had appointed a new general manager who was expected now on any train, how Gorcher had discovered the lost 1010 on the old disused gravel-pit track a mile below us, and to wind up with, I slipped him Mr. Chadwick's telegram which had come just as I was finishing my supper in the Billiard grill-room, and those two others that had come on

"The same authority appointed me, something like three months ago," was the calm reply. "So far as I know, I am still at the head of the company's staff in Portal City."

The gentleman who had named himself Dismuke puffed out his cheeks and looked us as if he were about to explode.

"This is a devil of a mess!" he rapped out. "I understand—we all understand in New York—that you had resigned!"

"Well, I haven't," reported the boss. "They've got to let go. How about our C. S. & W. friends? Are they still game?"

"None!" asserted the lawyer. "The stock is over-subscribed everywhere, now, and C. S. & W. is a going concern."

"There is a commercial telegraph wire in the Hotel Bullard, where I suppose you will put up, Mr. Dismuke, and I'm sure you will fit it entirely at your service. If you have anything further to say to me I hope it will keep until after this office opens in the morning. I am very busy, just now."

I might nearly guess. This Dismuke was the new general manager, appointed, doubtless in all good faith, by the president and sent out to take charge of things. And here was the boss practically ordering him out of the office—telling him that his room was better than his company!

The portly man got out of his chair, puffing like a steam-engine!

"Well, see about this!" he threatened. "You've been here three months and you haven't done anything but muddle things until the stock of the company isn't worth much more than the paper it's printed on! If I can get a clean wire to New York, you'll have word from President Dunton tomorrow morning telling you where you got off!"

To this Mr. Norcross made no reply whatever, and the heavy-footed gentleman stumped out, saying things to himself that wouldn't look very well in print. When the hall door below gave a big clang to let us know that he was still going, the boss looked across at me with a sour grin wrinkling around his eyes.

"Now you know why I made Gorcher break all the rules of the service getting here, Jimmie," he said. "Possession is nine points of the law, and in this case it was rather important that Mr. Dismuke shouldn't find the outfit without a head and these offices of ours unoccupied." He rose, stretched his arms over his head like a tired boy, and reached for the golf cap he kept to wear when he went out to knock around in the shops and yard. "Let's go up to the hotel and see if we can break into the cafe, Jimmie," he finished up. "Later on, we'll wire Mr. Chadwick; but that can wait. I haven't had a square meal in four days."

With everybody supposing he had resigned and left the country, I guess there were all kinds of a nine-minutes' wonder in Portal City, and all along the Sifert Line, when the word went out that Mr. Norcross was back on the job and running pretty much the same as it nothing had happened.

After supper, on the night of his return from the hide-out, he had sent a long code message to Mr. Chadwick, and a short one to President Dunton; and though I didn't see the reply to either, I guess Mr. Chadwick's answer, at least, was the right kind, because our track renewing campaign went into commission again with a slam, and all the reform polities took a sure-enough fresh start and began to hump themselves, with Jungenau working the newspapers to a finish.

"We heard nothing further from Mr. Dismuke, the portly gentleman in the tan spats, though he still stayed on at the Bullard. We saw him, occasionally, at meal times, and twice he was eating at the same table with Hatch and Henkel. That placed him all right for us, though I guess he didn't need much placing.

I wondered a little at first that Mr. Norcross didn't take the cue that Branderby, the Mountainer reporter, had given us and tear loose on the gang that had trapped him. He didn't; or didn't seem to. From the first hour of the first day he was up to his neck pushing things for the new company formed for the purpose of putting Red Tower out of business, and he wouldn't take a minute's time for anything else.

Of course, it says itself that Hatch never made any more proposals about selling the Red Tower plants to the Citizens' Storage & Warehouse people after the boss got back. That more went into the discard in a hurry, and the Consolidation outfit was busy getting into its fighting clothes, and trying to check the wheels of the C. S. & W. with all sorts of legal obstacles.

Franchise contracts with the railroads were flushed up, and injunctions were pressed for. Ripley waded in, and what little sleep he got for a week or two was in Pullman cars, snatched while he was rushing around and trying to keep his new clients, the C. S. & W. folks, out of jail for contempt of court. He did it. Little and quiet and smooth-spoken, he could put the legal leather into the biggest bullock the other side could hire. Luckily, we were an Interstate corporation, and when the local courts proved crooked, Ripley would find some way to jerk the case out of them and put it up to some Federal Judge.

Around home in Portal City things were just smirking. Between two days, as you might say, and right soon after Mr. Norcross got back, we acquired a new chum on the headquarters force. He was a young fellow named Tarbell, who looked and talked and acted like a cow-punch just from riding line. He was carried on Mr. Van Britt's payroll as an "extra" or "relief" telegraph operator; though we never heard of his being sent out to relieve anybody.

I sized this new young man up, right away, for a "special" of some sort, and the proof that I was right came one afternoon when Ripley dropped in and fell into chair to fan himself with his straw hat-like a man who had just put down a load that he had been carrying about a mile and a half farther than he had bargained to.

"You say it's Friday," he began abruptly. "What's been going on since Monday night, Jimmie?"

I bolted it down for him into just a few words as possible: about the letter he had left for Mr. Van Britt, how everybody thought he had resigned, how Mrs. Sheila and the major were two of the few who weren't willing to believe it, how Mr. Chadwick had been out of reach, how the railroad outfit was flopping around like a chicken with its head chopped off. How President Dunton had appointed a new general manager who was expected now on any train, how Gorcher had discovered the lost 1010 on the old disused gravel-pit track a mile below us, and to wind up with, I slipped him Mr. Chadwick's telegram which had come just as I was finishing my supper in the Billiard grill-room, and those two others that had come on

"Thank the Lord, the last of those injunction suits is off the docket," he said, drawing a long breath and wagging his port little head at the boss. "I'll say one thing for the Hatch people, Norcross; they're stubborn fighters."

"We'll beat 'em," predicted the boss. "They've got to let go. How about our C. S. & W. friends? Are they still game?"

"None!" asserted the lawyer. "The stock is over-subscribed everywhere, now, and C. S. & W. is a going concern. The building boom is on. I venture to say there are over two thousand mechanics at work at the different centers, rushing up the buildings for the new plants, at this moment. You ought to have a monument, Norcross. It's the most original scheme for breaking a monopoly that was ever devised."

The boss was looking out of the window sort of absently, chewing on his cigar, which had gone out.

"Hullo, I wonder what you'd say if I should tell you that the law is not mine," he said, after a little pause.

"Not yours?"

"No; it, or at least the germ of it, was given to me by a woman; a woman who knows as much about business details as you do about driving white elephants."

"I'd like to be made acquainted with the lady," said Ripley, with a tired little smile. "Such genius are too valuable to be wasted on mere lumber yards and fruit packeries and grain elevators and the like."

"You'll meet her some day," laughed the boss, with a sort of lissip fit in his voice that fairly made me sick—knowing what I did; and knowing that he didn't know it. Then he switched the subject abruptly: "About the other matter, Ripley: I know you've been pretty busy, but you've had Tarbell nearly a week. What have you found out?"

Ripley believed the general situation as it stood on the night of the engine theft in a few terse sentences. Aside from the fight on Red Tower: Consolidated, the new railroad polities were threatening to upset all the time-honored political traditions of the machine-governed state. An election was approaching, and the railroad vote and influence must be whipped into line. As the grafters viewed it, the threatened revolution was a one-man government, and if that man could be removed the danger would vanish.

The "execution" details had been turned over to Clanchan, the political boss of Portal City. The plot itself was simple. At a certain hour of a given night an anonymous letter was to be sent to Mr. Norcross, telling him that a gang of noted train robbers was stealing an engine from the Portal City yard for the purpose of running down the line and wrecking the Fast Mail, which often carried a billion express car. If the boss should fall for it—as he did, when the time came—and go in person to stop the raid, he was to be overpowered and spirited away, a forged letter purporting to be a notice of his resignation was to be left for Mr. Van Britt; and a fake telegram, making the same announcement, was to be sent to President Dunton in New York. Nothing was left indefinite but the choosing of the night.

"I suppose Hatch was to give the word," said the boss, who had been listening soberly while the lawyer talked.

"That is the inference. Hatch probably gave the word after his talk with you, but the time was made even more propitious by the arrival of the two telegrams; the one from Mr. Chadwick, and the one from Mr. Dunton, both of which, though doubtless intercepted by means of the tapped wires."

Mr. Norcross looked up quickly.

"Ripley, did Dunton know what was going to be done to me?"

"Oh, I think not. It wasn't at all necessary that he should be taken in on it. He has been opposing your polities all along, and had just sent a pretty savage call-down. He didn't want you in the first place, and he has been anxious to get rid of you ever since. The plotters knew very well what he would do if he should get a wife which purported to be your resignation. He would appoint another man, quick, and all they would have to do would be to make sure that you were well off single, and would stay off until the other man could take his place."

"It worked out like a charm," admitted the boss, with a wry smile. "I haven't been talking much about the details, partly because I wanted to find out if this young fellow, Tarbell, was as good as the major's recommendation of him; and partly because I'm

Newport & Providence
Street Ry Co.Cars Leave Washington
Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—6:50, 7:40, 8:55 A.M., then each hour to 8:50 P.M.

SUNDAYS—7:50 A.M., then each hour to 9:50 P.M.

THE WRECKERS

my left-hand pocket, wondering as I did it, if I could make out to hit the broad side of a barn, shooting with that hand, if I had to.

A half-hour later I had caught up with Mr. Norcross, and together we left the building and went up to the Bullard for dinner.

CHAPTER IX

In the Coal Yard

I knew, just as well as could be—without being able to prove it—that we were shadowed on the trip up from the railroad building to the hotel, and it made me nervous. There could be only one reason now for any such dogging of the boss. The grafters were not trying to find out what he was doing; they didn't need to, because he was advertising his doings—or Juneman was—in the newspapers. What they were trying to do was to catch him off his guard, and do him up this time to stay done up.

It was safe to assume that they wouldn't tumble the ball a second time. Mr. Ripley had, stuck the thing fairly on its feet when he said that our campaign was purely a one-man proposition, so far as it had yet gone.

People who had met the boss and had done business with him liked him; but the old-time prejudice against the railroad was so wide-spread and, so bitter that it couldn't be overcome all at once. Juneman, our public man, was doing his best, but as yet we had no party following in the state at large which would stand by us and see that we got justice.

I was chewing this over while we sat at dinner in the Bullard cafe, and I guess Mr. Norcross was, too, for he didn't say much. I don't know whether he knew anything about the shadowing business I speak of or not, but he might have. We hadn't more than given "our" dinner order when one of Hatch's clerks, a cock-eyed chap named Kestler, came in and took a table just far enough from ours to be out of the way, and near enough to listen in if we said anything.

When we finished, Kestler was just getting his service of ice-cream; but I noticed that he left it untouched and got up and followed us to the lobby. It made me hot enough to want to turn on him and knock his crooked eye out, but of course, that wouldn't done any good.

After Mr. Norcross had bought some

cigars at the stand he said he guessed he'd run out to Major Kendrick's for a little while; and with that he went up to his rooms. Though the major was the one he named, I knew he meant that he was going to see Mrs. Sheila.

I remembered what he had said to Ripley about a woman's giving him germ ideas and such things, and I guess it was really so. Every time he spent an evening at the major's he'd come back with a lot of new notions for popularizing the Short Line.

When he said that, about going out to the major's, Kestler was near enough to overhear it, and so he waited, lounging in the lobby and pretending to read a paper. About half-past seven the boss came down and asked me to call a taxi for him. I did it; and Kestler loafed around just long enough to see him start off. Then he lit out himself, and something in the way he did it made me take out after him.

The first thing I knew I was trailing him through the railroad yard and

was healing tolerably well by this time and I could use it a little. There was a slack pile just outside of the big gate, and by climbing to the top of it I got over the fence and crept up to the scale-house.

A small window in one end of the shack, opened about two inches at the bottom, answered well enough for a peep-hole. Three men were in the peep-hole. Three men were in the little box of a place—three besides Kestler; Hatch, his barrel-bellied partner, Henckel, and one other. The third that looked like a glorified bar-keep. He was of the type I have heard called "black Irish," fat, sleek, and well-fed, with little pin-point black eyes half buried in the flesh of his round face, and the padded jaw and double chin shadowed to the blue.

I knew this third man well enough, by sight; everybody in Portal City knew him—decent people only too well when it came to an election tussle. He was the reliable Pete Clananan, divekeeper, and political boss.

Kestler was telling the three how he had shadowed Mr. Norcross from the railroad headquarters to the Bullard, and how he stayed around until he had seen the boss take a taxi for Major Kendrick's. This seemed to be all that was wanted of him, for when he was through, Hatch told him he might go home. After the cock-eyed clerk was gone, Hatch lighted a fresh cigar and put it squarely up to the Irishman.

"It's no use being nicely-mouthing over this thing, Pete," he grated in that saw-mill voice of his. "We've got to get rid of this man. Every day's delay gives him that much better hold. We can choke him off by little in the business game, of course; we have Dunton and the New Yorkers on our side, and this co-operative scheme he has launched can be broken down with money. But that doesn't help you political people out; and your stake in the game is even bigger than ours."

Clananan looked around the little dog-kennel of a place suspiciously.

"It's not here that we can talk much about thin things, Master Hatch," he said cautiously.

"Why not?" was the rasping question. "There's nobody in the yard, and the gates are locked. It's a d—d sight safer than a back room to one of your dives—as we know now to our cost."

Clananan threw up his head with a gesture that said much. "Murphy's the man that leaked on that engine job—and hell leak no more."

"Well," said Hatch, with growing irritation, "what are you holding back for now? We stood to win on the first play, and we would have won if your people hadn't stalled it by talking too much. One more day and Dismuke would have been in the saddle. That would have settled it."

"Yah; and Mister' Dismuke still here in Portal City, remusas," put in Henckel.

The divekeeper locked his pudgy fingers across a crooked knee.

"Tis sole, brave ghillie ye are, you two, when ye've got somebody else to pull the nuts out av th' fire for ye!" he said. "Yed' have us croak this felly fr' ye, and thin ye'll stand back and wash yer hands while some poor d—y win to th' rope fr' it. Where do we come in, is what I'd like to know?"

"You are already in," snapped Hatch. "You know what the big fellow at the capital thinks about it, and where you'll stand in the coming election if you don't put out this fire that Norcross is kindling. You're yellow, Clananan. That's all that is the matter with you."

"Tell me wan thing!" insisted the divekeeper, baring the chief grafted with his pin-point eyes. "Do you stand fr' it if we do this thing up right?"

Hatch's eyes sell, and Henckel's big body twisted uneasily in the chair that was groaning under his beer-barrel weight. There was silence for a little space, and I could feel the cold sweat starting out all over me. I hadn't dreamed of stumbling upon anything like this when I started out to shadow Kestler. They were actually plotting to murder the boss!

It was Hatch who broke the stillness.

"It's up to you, Clananan, and you know it," he declared. "You've had your tip from the big fellow. The railroad people must be made to get into the fight in the coming election, and get in on the right side. If they don't; and if Norcross stays and keeps his fire burning, you fellows lose out."

Clananan sat back in his chair and shoved his hands into his pockets.

"Yed' stirring me as if I was a boy!" he scoffed. "Tis your own game fr' in first to last. D'y think I'm not knowin' that? Tis bread and butter and th' big rake-off for you, and little ye care how th' election goes. Suppose we'd croak this man in th' not part av th' plitical fight; what happens? Half th' noospapers in th' state'd play him up fr' a martyr to th' cause av good government, and we'd all go to hell in a hand-basket!"

I was cramped and sore and one of my legs had gone to sleep, but I couldn't move it I had wanted to. My heart was skipping beats right along while I waited for Hatch's answer. When it came, the drumming in my ears pretty nearly made me lose it.

"Clananan," he began, as cold as an icicle. "I didn't get you down here to argue with you. You've bungled this thing once, and for that reason you've got it to do over again. We haven't asked you to 'croak' anybody, as you put it, and we are not asking it now."

"Tis a d—d little you lack at asking it," retorted the divekeeper.

"Listen," said Hatch, leaning forward with his hands on his knees.

"Besides keeping cases on Norcross."

here, we've been digging back into his record a few lines. Every man has his sore spot, if you can only find it.

Clananan—just as you have yours. What if I should tell you that Norcross is wanted in another state—for a

chief of construction on the Oregon

Midland. There was a right-of-way

back in the mountains—fifty miles from the nearest sheriff—with the P. & S. P. Norcross armed his track-layers, and in the shooting there was a man killed."

Though it was a warm night, as I have said, the cold chills began to chase themselves up and down my back. What Hatch said was perfectly true. In the right-of-way scrap he was talking about, there had been a few wild shots fired, and one of them had found a P. & S. P. grade laborer. I don't believe anybody had ever really blamed the boss for it. But there had been a man killed.

While I was shivering, Clananan said: "Well, what av it?"

Norcross was responsible for that man's death. If he was having trouble over his right-of-way, his recourse was to the law, and he took the law into his own hands. Norcross was ever done about it, because nobody took the trouble to prosecute. A week ago we sent a man to Oregon to look up the facts. He succeeded in finding the brother of the dead man, and a warrant has now been sworn out for Norcross' arrest."

"Well?" said Clananan again. "Ye have the stirring in yer own hand; why don't ye pull it?"

"That's where you come in," was the answer. "The Oregon Justice issued the warrant because it was demanded, but he refused to incur, for his county, the expense of sending a deputy sheriff to another state, or to take the necessary steps to have Norcross extradited. If Norcross could be produced in court, he would try him and either discharge him or bind him over, as the facts might warrant. He took his stand upon the ground that Norcross was only technically responsible, and told the brother that in all probability nothing would come of an attempt to prosecute."

"Thin' ye've got nothing on him, after all," the Irishman grunted.

"Yes," Hatch came back; "we have the warrant, and, in addition to that, we have you, Pete. A word from you to the Portal City police headquarters, and our man Uncle himself arrested and locked up—to wait for a regulation from the governor of Oregon."

"But you said th' requisition wouldn't come," Clananan put in.

Hatch was sitting back now and stroking his ugly jaw.

"It might come, Pete, if it had to;

there's no knowing. In the meantime we get delay. There'll be heebes corrus proceedings, of course, to get him out of jail, but there's where you'll come in again; you've got your own man for city attorney. And, after all, the delay is all we need. With Norcross in trouble, and in jail on a charge of murder, the railroad ship'll go on the rocks in short order. The Norcross management is having plenty of trouble—wrecks and the like. With Norcross locked up, New York will be heard from, and Dismuke will step in and clean house. That will wind up the reform spasm."

"Tis a small chance," growled the chief of the yard heelers. "I'll talk it over with the big fellow."

Again Hatch leaned forward and put his hands on his knees.

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Pete.

You'll act, and act on your own responsibility.

If you don't, somebody may, wire the sheriff of Silver Bow county, Montana, that the man he knew in Butte as Michael Clancy is . . ."

The divekeeper put up both hands as if to ward off a blow.

"Tis enough," he mumbled, speaking as if he had a bunch of dry cotton in his mouth. "Slip me th' warrant."

Hatch went to a small safe and worked the combination. When the door was opened he passed a folded paper to Clananan. Through all this talk, Henckel had said nothing, and I suspected that Hatch had him there solely for safety's sake, and to provide a witness. With the paper in his pocket, Clananan got up to go. It was time for me to make a move.

It's curious how an idea will sometimes lay hold of you and knock out reason and common sense and everything else. Clananan had in his pocket a piece of paper that simply meant ruin to Mr. Norcross, and the blowing up of all the plans that had been made and all the work that had been done. If he should be allowed to get up town with that warrant, the end of everything would be in sight. But how was I to prevent it?

The three men were on their feet, and Hatch was reaching for the wall switch which controlled the single incandescent lamp hanging from the ceiling of the scale-house. If I could only think of some way to blow the place up and snatch the paper in the confusion.

Up to that minute I had never

thought once of the pistol I had taken from Fred May's drawer, though it was still sagging in my left hip pocket.

When I did think of it I dragged it out with some silly notion of trying to hold the three men up at the door of the shack as they came out. Hatch's stop to light a cigar and to hand out a couple to the other two gave me time to chuck that notion and grab another. With the muzzle of the automatic resting in the crack of the opened window I took dead aim at the incandescent lamp in the ceiling and turned her loose for the whole magazinable.

It was

leaving the big coal yard in silence and darkness that I got mine, good and hard.

Sitting all bunched up in the grub-bucket and waiting for my chance to climb out and make a get-away, the common sense reaction came and saw what I had done. With the best intentions in the world, in trying to kill off the chance offered to the enemy by the Oregon warrant and the trumped-up charge of murder, I had merely saved the boss an arrest and put him in peril of his life.

To be continued

They Were All Three After Me.

again, they were all three after me, Clananan taking blind shots in the dark with his cannon as he came.

Naturally, I made straight for the wagon gate, and forgot, until I was right there, that it, and the wicket through one of the leaves, were both locked. As I shook the wicket, a bullet from Clananan's gun spat into the woodwork and stuck a splinter into my hand, and I turned and sprinted again, this time for the gates where the coal cars were pushed in from the railroad yard. These, too, were shut and locked, and when I ducked, under the nearest gondola I realized that I was trapped. Before I could climb the high fence anywhere, they'd get me.

They came up, all three of them, puffing and blowing, while I was hiding under the gondola.

It's probably that cow-boy spotter of Norcross', but he can't get away,

Hatch was gritting—meaning Tarbell,

probably. "The gates are locked and we can plug him if he tries to climb the fence. There's a gun in the scale-house. You two look under these cars

while I go and get it!"

It was up to me to move again.

Henckel was striking matches and holding them so that Clananan could look under the cars, and I could feel,

In anticipation, the shock of a bullet from the big gun in the divekeeper's fat fist as I crawled cautiously out on the far side. Creeping along behind the string of coal cars I came presently to the great gantry crane used for unloading the fuel. It was a huge travelling machine, straddling the tracks and a good part of the yard, and the clam-shell grub-bucket was down, resting on its two lips on the ground.

At first I thought of climbing to the

frame-work of the crane and trying to hide on the big bridge beam. Then

I saw that the two halves of the clam-shell bucket were slightly open, just

wide enough to let me squeeze in. If they were looking for a full-sized man—Tarbell, for instance, who was

as husky as a farm-hand—they'd never

think of that crack in the bucket; and

in another second I had wriggled

through the V-shaped opening and was sitting humped up in one of the halves

of the clam-shell.

These are all white or nearly white

substances, whose appearance is no

more remarkable than that of common

salt or baking powder. Tubes con-

taining radium salts glow mostly be-

cause they include in, uridines which

the radium from the radium cause

to give light. Radium minerals are

very rarely, if ever, luminescent.

Few Have Seen Radium.

Radium is a metal that is described

as having a white metallic luster. It

has been isolated only once or twice,

and few persons have seen it. It is

ordinarily obtained from its ores in

the form of sulphate, chloride or bro-

mide, according to the United States

geological survey, Department of the

Interior, and it is in the form of these

salts that it is usually sold and used.

These are all white or nearly white

substances, whose appearance is no

more remarkable than that of common

salt or baking powder. Tubes con-

taining radium salts glow mostly be-

cause they include in, uridines which

Established in 1770

The Mercury.

Report. C. L.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone—143

House Telephone—144

Saturday, April 2, 1921

One hundred thousand miners are idle and many of the mines in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana are closed. And yet coal is scarce at \$17 a ton.

One hundred and nine railroads failed to earn their expenses in the month of January. Forty-five of these railroads are in the East. The deficit for the month is considerably over a million dollars.

Just think of it! Whiskey found in the State of Maine, New England's original prohibition State! Two hundred cases of Canadian whiskey were dug out of a car load of potatoes a few days ago, consigned to Bangor.

President Harding is getting very busy just now preparing to announce his Foreign Ambassadors and other officials to the European and South American countries and States. Wonder if our ex-Governor Beckman will pull one of the plums.

There have been several long hearings this week on ex-Governor Senator Garvin's bill before the Senate, calling on the people of the State to say if they want a Constitutional Convention. The speakers have nearly all been of Governor Garvin's party, and of course in favor of a convention.

The Providence Journal characterizes the Suyles Probate Act, so called, which has passed one branch of the General Assembly, as a dangerous piece of legislation. It was designed to help the rich Suyles estate of Pawtucket out of difficulties with the income tax collector, and at best can only be called 'special' legislation. The lawyers of Newport and the legal men of the State generally have strenuously opposed it. It would seem to go slow before enacting such a law.

About 40 per cent. of the entire indebtedness of the country is money loaned foreign nations. The United States Treasury holds promises to pay covering the amount, but on practically all of this sum the interest is in arrears, since May 1919, nearly two years. In round figures our national debt is twenty-four billion dollars, and as an offset the United States holds foreign certificates of indebtedness amounting to ten billions. There has been much insane talk about making foreign nations a present of this vast sum, but if our authorities do that, the party that sanctions it should be remanded to inchoate desuetude without any unnecessary delay.

Representative Lawton's bill, introduced into the General Assembly on Tuesday, making the State tax 9 cents on each \$100. of the real estate and tangible personal property, and 3 cents on each \$100 intangible personal property, is a just one and should become a law. But it probably will not. The tax on intangible personal property is limited by State law to 40 cents on \$100, while the tax on all other kinds of property is unlimited. In Newport this year it will be two dollars on one hundred dollars. It does not seem right that the State should take practically one-quarter of the intangible personal tax for its use. Newport has a larger amount of intangible property in proportion to its total valuation than any other town or city in the State, and is therefore harder hit by the State tax. Owing to the excessive valuation of the city as compared with other cities and towns, Newport under any and all conditions pays more than her just share of the State expenses.

Taxes, Taxes everywhere and on everything. What will be the condition of things in the future it is difficult to say. The Federal government is taxing everything in sight, and every imaginary thing not in sight. The State is adding its part to the taxing bee, and increasing the amount demanded every year, as the expenses roll up, pile on pile, while there is not a city in the land that is not increasing the tax burden on the people and at the same time running more and more in debt. The bonded and floating indebtedness of our cities is something appalling, and the end is not yet. Take Newport, for instance. The rate of taxation has increased every year since the present Charter went into effect. And this year, in order to come somewhere near meeting the requirements, the rate will be \$20 on \$1000. And that at the present valuation will not begin to meet the sum required to carry out the present plans of the city Government. The assessors will be compelled to find several millions more property, or rather, to arbitrarily raise the valuation of the city several millions, in order with the tax rate of \$20 to get the money required to run the city for the year 1921.

The enforcement of the prohibition law and the Volstead Act seems to be somewhat of a farce in many parts of the country. Especially is this true in the South, where prohibition was supposed to have been in existence by State laws long before Uncle Sam took over the job. It is a well known fact, however, that a white man could get all the ardent he wanted anywhere in that country.

It is generally understood that President Harding has selected ex-President Taft for Chief Justice for the United States Supreme Court when Justice White gets ready to retire, which it is thought will be soon. The President could not make a better appointment.

The cold snap early in the week, it is said, has caused the loss of \$15,000,000 in the Southern Fruit Belt.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION

One of the most important activities of the new administration will be in the line of helping business.

The old administration's relations to business were largely of a regulative character. It felt that the business world is honeycombed with abuses and rotteness, and that its first duty was to exercise very close supervision of commercial affairs. It covered the country with inspectors whose task it was to ferret out wrongdoing, and force business men to walk the straight and narrow path.

Up to a certain point there was need for that kind of service. But that spirit was carried a great deal too far. It ignored the fact that the vast majority of business people wish to be honest and to deal fairly with the public. When honest men are made to feel that they are constantly under suspicion, and that they are liable to be prosecuted with chances of serious penalties, it checks their spirit of enterprise. They devote a great amount of energy to keeping out of the clutches of the government, when their time should be devoted to promoting the industrial development of the country. As a result business expansion is impeded.

The new administration will keep a careful watch over the business world to see that abuses are reasonably well repressed. But its first purpose will not be to pursue business men, and it will assume that they are honest until evidence to the contrary appears.

It will lay out programs for promotion of trade and prosperity. It will try to help on all efforts for more efficient production and marketing of goods. It will work to develop foreign commerce on a great scale. The result of this policy will be something new. It will tend to keep our factories busy and our workpeople employed, and accomplish far more benefit than a policy of repression and suspicion.

The General Assembly has now finished 61 of its 60 pay days. There are only nine days left in which our State lawmakers can be remunerated for their arduous labors. As usual, most of the important State business is left for the remaining nine days. Very little has thus far been accomplished, for that matter there was very little to be accomplished. There is absolutely no call for an annual session of the State Legislature. It is a bill of expense to the State without any adequate profit from it, and is an expense that increases in size nearly every year. Most of the States of the Union continue to exist, and many of them seem to thrive, although their lawmakers get together only once in two years. Rhode Island, the smallest of them all, would doubtless continue to exist, if the \$5.00 a day stipend for the period of sixty days, with the daily mileage to and from the marble palace in Providence was made biennial instead of annual. The State would save many thousand dollars by this change.

The price of coal in Providence, Pawtucket, Woonsocket and other large towns in the northern part of the State is \$16.50 per ton. In Newport it is \$17 per ton. We would like to have someone tell us why prices in Newport, situated right on the ocean, where coal can be landed from schooners right at the wharves, should be a dollar and a half per ton higher than is charged forty or fifty miles inland, where shipping facilities are poor, and where freights must be much higher than they are in Newport. These prices demand investigation by the authorities. Our famous Chamber of Commerce might well busy itself looking into this matter. The consumer demands a little attention now and then as well as the producer.

The New England railroads are the hardest hit of any of the lines in the country. This information was laid before the President this week by Vice President Coolidge and Secretary of War Weeks. President Harding has decided to act at once in order to prevent disaster. The railroads of the country face a deficit this year of \$700,000,000, of which enormous sum \$300,000,000 is due to increased labor costs. Freight rates are now pronounced higher than the traffic will bear and passenger rates, if put any higher, will discourage travel and thus decrease, rather than increase, the revenue.

The enforcement of the prohibition law and the Volstead Act seems to be somewhat of a farce in many parts of the country. Especially is this true in the South, where prohibition was supposed to have been in existence by State laws long before Uncle Sam took over the job. It is a well known fact, however, that a white man could get all the ardent he wanted anywhere in that country.

It is generally understood that President Harding has selected ex-President Taft for Chief Justice for the United States Supreme Court when Justice White gets ready to retire, which it is thought will be soon. The President could not make a better appointment.

The cold snap early in the week, it is said, has caused the loss of \$15,000,000 in the Southern Fruit Belt.

**WEATHER BULLETIN**

Washington, D. C., April 2, 1921.

In a ceaseless round and in a half circle around the magnetic north pole, with more or less regularity, averaging 5.8 days, the master, or male mate, the positive of nature's pair, called the high, driving its other half, the negative, the receptive, or female, called the low—the two constituting the storm—comes into telegraphic view in the extreme northwest of North America. These two in one are nature's twins, born, live and die together. Should the impulse that produces them cease it would be as disastrous to Earth as a heart failure is to human life.

In early part of week centering on April 8 one of these weather makers will appear in Alaska, its warm wave crossing meridian 90 near April 8, its center passing eastward a little south of the Great Lakes and reaching the Atlantic near April 10. Storm wave will follow and cool wave bringing up the rear guard, these weather features being one or two days apart.

This will be an important storm, closing out the old crop weather period of about 180 days and inaugurating the new of near the same length. That change will determine the 1921 crops and I expect a fair average will result; an average that will be higher than that of 1920.

I regret that, in these general forecasts, it is impossible to give all the desired details. For that reason I have asked everyone to study the causes that I am publishing and thereby become able to assist in their own local forecasts. The valleys, ridges, mountains, rivers, have much influence on local weather and the place where the moisture is to be evaporated is the all important cause of the local good and bad crop weather.

One serious error lies in the reader who overlooks the fact that these forecasts are not for inches of rain nor degrees of temperature, but are for above or below the normal, or general daily and monthly averages of each locality. The reader who does not know the general daily and monthly averages of rain, snow, temperature for his locality is too ignorant to understand anything about the weather. In order to understand it is not necessary for you to have any other help than your own sensation to tell you whether it is warmer or colder than the general average. In like manner you certainly should know the general average of rain.

With maple sugar at thirty cents per pound and a larger crop than ever, in prospect, the Vermonters ought to be in a happy mood.

Roy. Geo. W. Manning conducted the funeral services. The interment was in the Spooner lot in the Middletown cemetery. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful.

Mr. Arthur Cissom is spending a few days in Waterville, Maine.

The Oliphant Reading Club held a meeting on Friday at the home of Mrs. Kate Bailey, the president of the Club. It was in charge of Miss Elta Sherman.

Mr. Philip Cawell, Jr., of Deerfield Academy, Mass., has been spending his Easter vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cawell.

Misses Elsie L. and Dorothy A. Peckham and Messrs. Frank Peckham, Jr., and Rogers Peckham have been guests of Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Wells of Attleboro, formerly of this town. The party went by motor.

An Airedale dog belonging to Mr. Frank Tallman of Portsmouth was run over and killed by the electric cars on Tuesday in front of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Albro on State Hill.

Mr. Thornton Sherman has had as guest at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman, Mr. George Hallam of the Rhode Island State College.

Miss Sylvia Flannigan has had as guest Miss Hilda Finneran of Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Peckham have had as guest their daughter, Miss Eloise Peckham of Wellesley College.

Mr. and Mrs. Mulligan have had as guests their son, Mr. James Mulligan, who is a student at the Rhode Island School of Design of Providence, and their daughter, Miss Mary Mulligan, a teacher in Hox Valley.

Mrs. Fred P. Webber has gone to Easton, Mass., where she is visiting relatives.

Misses Ruth and Mary Walker of Norton, Mass., have been guests of their cousin, Miss Mary E. Manchester of State Hill.

The resignation of Mrs. Eunice Chase as organist at the Holy Cross Church has been received. Mrs. Chase has performed that duty for nearly thirty years seldom missing a Sunday, regardless of weather or health. It is ill health that causes her to resign the position now.

Rev. George W. Manning conducted the services on Easter Sunday and baptized four little girls. The new baptismal font was used for the first time. It is of golden oak and was given by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dennett as a memorial to their son, Sydney Dennett.

The town of South Kingstown, in annual financial town meeting on Tuesday voted to assist the Narragansett Pier railroad to the extent of \$10,000, and the town of Narragansett is expected to make up the balance of the deficiency of \$6000 at its coming town meeting. If this is done, the road will be operated for at least one year more.

Deaths.

In this city, 27th ult., Catherine, widow of John Stillman.

In this city, 28th ult., Mary J., wife of John Green.

In this city, 28th ult., Helen, Infant daughter of Maurice and Bridget Curran.

In this city, 29th ult., Margaret Gleeson.

In this city, March 29, Harold, son of John T. and Josephine (Dowdy) Sutinan.

In this city, 31st ult., Ellen, wife of William L. Foster.

In Middletown, 28th ult., Alanson C. Spooner, in his 84th year.

In Jamestown, 29th ult., Susie May, daughter of Herbert A. and Lois A. Gardner, aged 21 years and 3 months.

In Providence, R. I., 25th ult., Julius Solomon, in his 65th year.

In Washington, D. C., 26th ult., Mary M., youngest daughter of the late Samuel and Elizabeth C. Spooner.

In Providence, City, 27th ult., Elizabeth H., wife of Edward M. Riley and daughter of the late John H. and Annie E. Caswell.

At St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton, Mass., 24th ult., Elizabeth L. widow of James Smith of this city.

In Providence, 25th ult., Mrs. May (Mumford), wife of William R. Mumford, in her 42nd year.

In Pawtucket, March 25th, Margaret R., widow of George H. Perkins, in her 80th year.

In Providence, March 28, Laura M., daughter of the late Agnes and Maria F. Steele, in her 55th year.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)
Annual Meeting of Corporation of St. Mary's Parish

The annual meeting of the corporation of St. Mary's Church was held on Monday at the home of the Junior Warden, Mr. Reston P. Manchester. The Senior Warden, Mr. James R. Chase, presided over the meeting and Mr. Manchester was re-elected clerk and treasurer, and the vestry was re-elected as follows:

Senior Warden—James R. Chase.

Junior Warden—Reston P. Manchester.

Vestrymen—Henry L. Chase, Herbert Chase, John L. Simmons, Willard B. Chase, J. Alvin Simmons, Edward Amy, James R. Chase, 2nd, John H. Spooner.

Delegates to the General Convention—Henry L. Chase, Kait G. Anthony, John L. Simmons, John H. Spooner.

Alternates—Lewis D. Plummer, Howard B. Sanford, William B. Chase, Julian N. Johnson.

Delegates to Convocation in New Haven—Reston P. Manchester, J. Alvin Simmons, John L. Simmons, Jr. and Lewis B. Plummer.

A meeting of the vestry followed, at which the resignation of Mrs. Eunice Chase was regretfully received and accepted.

The Standing Committee, elected was James R. Chase, 2nd, Howard B. Sanford, John L. Simmons, Jr.

Death of Alanson C. Spooner.

Mr. Alanson Coggeshall Spooner, who died recently at the home of his son, Mr. Wm. M. Spooner on Wapping Road, had been in poor health for some time. He was suffering from diseases incident to old age. He had been confined to his bed the past ten days.

Mr. Spooner was one of the seven children of John H. and Amy (Coggeshall) Spooner and was born January 30, 1836, on the Spooner homestead, now owned and occupied by Mr. Elbert A. Sisson on Gypsum Lane. He spent his entire life here with the exception of about eight years spent in Durhouth, engaged in farming.

In early manhood he married Maria, second daughter of Paul and Ruth Barker. To them were born three children, Mrs. (Eleanor) Andrew Carpenter, deceased, Edmund Spooner of East Greenwich, now in Miami, Fla., and Mr. William McCorris Spooner.

Mrs. Spooner died about forty years ago. She was a member of a quiet, retiring disposition. He is survived by two sons, a sister, Mrs. Mary Huling of Portsmouth, three grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Roy. Geo. W. Manning conducted the funeral services. The interment was in the Spooner lot in the Middletown cemetery. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful.

Mr. Arthur Cissom is spending a few days in Waterville, Maine.

The Oliphant Reading Club held a meeting on Friday at the home of Mrs. Kate Bailey, the president of the Club. It was in charge of Miss Elta Sherman.

Mr. Philip Cawell, Jr., of Deerfield Academy, Mass., has been spending his Easter vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cawell.

Misses Elsie L. and Dorothy A. Peckham, Jr., and Rogers Peckham have been guests of Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Wells of Attleboro, formerly of this town. The party went by motor.

An Airedale dog belonging to Mr. Frank Tallman of Portsmouth was run over and killed by the electric cars on Tuesday in front of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Albro on State Hill.

Mr. Thornton Sherman has had as guest at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman, Mr. George Hallam of the Rhode Island State College.

Miss Sylvia Flannigan has had as guest Miss Hilda Finneran of Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Peckham have had as guest their daughter, Miss Eloise Peckham of Wellesley College.

BELISARIS PORRAS

Death Is Narrowly Escaped

by the President of Panama



New portrait of President Belisario Porras of Panama, who narrowly escaped death in connection with the clash between his country and Costa Rica over the boundary line.

BODIES RECOVERED
IN PEONAGE CASE

Prosecution Claims, Georgia
Negroes Dug Own Graves
Before Being Murdered.

Macon, Ga.—While only two more bodies of negroes were dragged from the Alcovy river in Jasper county, there is reason to believe that more, even as many as 40, may be found there, according to reports that are current. In the coroner's investigation, it is said, there will be instructions from Judge Parks to continue to search the streams for bodies around the 2,200 acre plantation of John Williams. Six bodies have been taken from the rivers thus far and five were buried in shallow graves on property owned or leased by Williams.

The coroner's jury visited the scene of the burial of the bodies on the Williams farm and received information that two of the negro victims of the wholesale slaughter dug their own graves. Williams must have a sort of trade mark on the shoes worn by his negroes, for soles on the shoes of every body found this far were of automobile tire casings.

The bodies found in the Alcovy river were those of "Little Jim" and John Brown. They were chained together and weighted down with sacks or rock and iron attached to their heads and feet. They were in 40 feet of water.

The coroner's jury expressed the opinion that both these negroes were thrown into the river alive. Their bodies were taken from the river with in four feet of the point where the body of Charley Chisholm, a "trusty" on the Williams plantation, was found.

The enses were taken up one at a time by the coroner's jury, Sheriff W. P. Persons and County Policeman Oxford furnishing much of the information outside of what the coroner's jury actually saw at the graves.

Bat Kills a Ball Player

Blacksburg, Va.—A baseball bat slipping from the hands of Otto Forbes as he swung at a pitched ball struck L. G. Sumner and killed him.

WORLD NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

VIENNA.—Walker D. Hines, the American Waterways Arbitrator, and his staff have arrived here.

PEKING.—Rumors of a third attempt to restore the Manchu dynasty as the ruling power in China and of the impending resignation of the Cabinet are disrupting the calm which settled over the internal affairs of the nation within the last six months.

WASHINGTON.—Panama is expected by Central American diplomats here to exhaust every means of diplomatic resistance before complying with the Panama-Costa Rica boundary award made by Chief Justice White.

TOKIO.—The whole city of Tokio was imperiled by the greatest fire with which it has been visited in a decade. The conflagration destroyed 1,000 houses in the Yotsuya district, in the northwestern part of the city, involving a loss estimated at 25,000,000 yen (nominally about \$12,500,000). Thousands of persons were made homeless.

BUDAPEST.—The fox trot, the one-step and jazz music have been banned from the dance halls of Hungary by decree of the minister of home affairs, who characterized them as decadent and injurious to the younger generation.

ATHENS.—It was announced that Queen Sophie would be godmother to the infant daughter of Mme. Manos, morganatic wife of the late King Alexander. The child will be christened Alexandra Sophie.

LONDON.—Stoppage of work in British coal mines, when the government will pass control of the mines back to their private owners, is viewed as a possibility here.

MADRID.—King Alfonso received the delegates of the Transit and Communications Conference, who came to Madrid from Barcelona to spend the Easter holidays.

Frank Kutta of Worcester, Mass., used his baby as a "blind" to conceal whiskey, according to testimony introduced by police officers when Kutta was arraigned before United States Commissioner Chas. B. Rugg, charged with illegal possession of liquor under the Volstead act.

REJECT RUSSIAN
SOVIET TRADE

Secretary of State Hughes Lays Down Requirements for Commerce With United States.

REFORM ECONOMIC SYSTEM

Sending of Note to Russia Via American Consul at Royal Avoids Acknowledging Lenin Government.

Washington.—America's reply to Soviet Russia's proposal of a trade agreement is in effect a flat refusal as diplomatic language permits.

Secretary Hughes made public a message he was sending to American Consul Albrecht, which the consul will hand to Litvinoff, the Bolshevik envoy plenipotentiary at Royal, Esthonia. In brief, the message informs the consul that until convincing evidence is furnished this country that there have been radical changes in the Soviet system there is no use talking about trade relations.

As the changes in question are specified to be safety of life, guarantees of private property, the sanctity of contracts and the rights of free labor, it will be seen that the Bolsheviks have a long road to travel before this country will even discuss a commercial relation with them.

This method of answering the bid for recognition involved in a commercial arrangement directly avoids even a constructive acknowledgment that the Lenin-Trotzky regime is a government in the diplomatic sense, such as would be implied by a direct counteroffer.

At the same time it leaves the door open for further exchanges, so that should the progress of Russia toward democracy continue, the negotiations may keep pace with that progress.

Either by coincidence or design, there is a sentiment expressed in the note reminiscent of Woodrow Wilson's communication when he was letting the German people know that getting rid of their autocracy was a necessary precedent to our considering peace proposals.

The note, the issuance of which followed promptly on the meeting of the cabinet at which it was almost the sole topic discussed, is as follows:

"The government of the United States views with deep sympathy and grave concern the plight of the people of Russia and desires to aid by every appropriate means in promoting proper opportunities through which commerce can be established upon a sound basis.

"It is manifest to this government that in existing circumstances there is not assurance for the development of trade, as the supplies which Russia might now be able to obtain would be wholly inadequate to meet her needs and no lasting good can result so long as the present causes of progressive impoverishment continue to operate.

"It is only in the productivity of Russia that there is any hope for the Russian people, and it is idle to expect resumption of trade until the economic basis of production are securely established.

"Production is conditioned upon the safety of life, the recognition by firm guarantees of private property, the sanctity of contract and the rights of free labor.

"If fundamental changes are contemplated involving due regard for the protection of persons and property and the establishment of conditions essential to the maintenance of commerce, this government will be glad to have convincing evidence of the consummation of such changes and until this evidence is supplied this government is unable to perceive that there is any proper basis for considering trade relations."

The essence of the note is its concluding paragraph. While this government is not concerned with whatever form of political philosophy or economic theory the Russian people may elect to entertain, it will not do business with them except on the terms on which business is founded the world over.

The telegram does not specifically refer to the delegation which the recent message from the All-Russian Executive snited would be sent to this country.

NEW BOSTON RENT SCHEME

Landlords Charge \$10 For Every Increase in Family.

Boston.—It was revealed that owners of apartment houses in this city had been forcing tenants to sign leases specifying the exact number of persons who were to occupy the apartments, with a clause under which they were compelled to pay an additional \$10 a month for each baby or other person who might come to live with them. Governor Cox and Mayor Peters will investigate.

GOMPERS REBUKES LEADERS

Denounces Labor Leaders Who Desire Indorsement of Soviet Russia.

Washington.—Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, denounced as "unpatriotic Americans" those labor leaders who have severely criticized his refusal to indorse the Russian Soviet government or to urge its recognition by the United States.

Flat refusal to retract in the slightest from his position was expressed by Mr. Gompers in a 2,500 word letter.

High heels tripped up 596 of 600 girl students of the Boston university college of secretarial science in the race for "simple life" chevrons last month. The awards were made for strict conformity to the rules evolved by the university physical directors. Candy eating between meals and elevated footwear were barred.

Frank Kutta of Worcester, Mass., used his baby as a "blind" to conceal whiskey, according to testimony introduced by police officers when Kutta was arraigned before United States Commissioner Chas. B. Rugg, charged with illegal possession of liquor under the Volstead act.

MRS. GERTRUDE BONNIN

Indian Princess Leader of Her People in Washington

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

Photo by W. H. Muller

Courtesy of the Associated Press

CONDENSED CLASSICS

KIDNAPED

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Condensation by James B. Connolly



Robert Louis Stevenson writes in 1883: "I am now a person with an established life—health—a wife—dog possessed with an evil spirit—a certain reputation—and very obscure finances. I now draw near to the middle ages, nearly three years ago, I am not yet the great work is not yet even conceived. Eight years ago, if I could have along link in a case now, I should have thought myself well on the road after Shakespeare—and now I have only got a pair of walking shoes and not yet begun to travel."

At this time he and his wife spent one of their happiest periods in their first real home, "In Solitude," in Hyères. At the end of 10 months he was again back into acute suffering. They went to Hounslowshire, where they lived in "Skerryvore," until after his father's death. "Confined to the house in a condition most irksome to his active temperament, his glib and buoyant spirit nevertheless flamed into expression at the slightest respite from pain and weakness. He wrote 'Kidnapped,' one of his most brilliant successes, and the "Wild Symbol" tale of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the most popular of all his writings."

In 1887 he left the trying climate of the British Isles, never to return. With his family he went to the United States, where he was acclaimed, but his weak condition necessitated an immediate rest at Saranac, N. Y. Here he wrote for Scribner's magazine the essays including "The Lantern Bearer," "Dreams," and "Julius et Ultima," the charm of which is ages.

It was dawn; the blackbirds were whistling in the lilacs, the mist of the valley arising and melting, when I set out for the house of Shaw. On the forenoon of the second day, coming to the top of a hill, I saw the city of Edinburgh smoking like a kiln below me. There was a flag upon the castle and ships anchored to the blue floor of the Firth; a sight which thrilled me.

I walked on toward Cramond, making inquiries as I went of my uncle, who seemed to be in no favor thereabout, some giving me a half-civil word, some a scowl or a curse for an answer. It was night, and his house barred and dark when I came to it; and it was a long while before my shouts and knocks brought him to the window from where, with a blunderbuss by way of welcome, he screamed to inquire my business.

It was a mean, stooping, clay-faced creature, and a big mucky house and an ill-kept one I saw when at last he let me in, with dirt, mice and spiders having their play of it. Here I stayed some days, the while he sparingly fed me with porridge and a rare half-cup of ale.

One night he gave me 40 pounds, saying it was a debt he owed my father, and with it gave me also a rusty key to the high steel tower, telling me to bring him down the chest at the top of it. I went, poor fool, into the dark to bring it; and only a blink of summer lightning saved me from stepping into space and being dashed sheer down from the top of the tower.

Of the estate that he had defrauded my father in life I had then no suspicion; but that happening of the tower gave me a glimpse of his villainy. In the morning my body would be discovered at the foot of the tower, his 40 pounds in my pockets, as one trying to escape after robbing his host. What a tale he would make of it!

Next day my uncle spoke of a friend, Captain Elias Hosenon of the brig Covenant, then lying off Queensferry on the Firth, proposing that I go to call there with him. I agreed, being eager to get away from that evil house; also I had knowledge that residing in Queensferry was Mr. Rankeller, the counsellor and agent, a friendly person and one who knew more than any other of my father's business life.

We arrived at Queensferry, but I did not see Mr. Rankeller, so I first allowed myself to be led into looking over the brig with Captain Hosenon and my uncle. It was so that I came to be knocked on the head and kidnapped to sea on the agreement between my uncle and Captain Hosenon that I was to be sold into slavery in the Carolines.

It was a fair wind the first day to sea, but following days were all head winds, the ship making so little way on her course to the north that Captain Hosenon made a fair wind of a foul one by heading her south back the way we had come. During this time of bad weather the cabin boy was killed by the first officer in a drunken passion, his body cast overboard and pressed into his berth.

It was night, with a swell and a thick white fog, the men listening for breakers, when the brigs ran over a boat; and sent all but one man to the bottom. That one, with a leap and a clutch which showed his rare agility and strength, boarded us by way of the brig's bowsprit.

He entered the cabin, or roundhouse, looking cool as you please, and called for something to eat and the drink to wash it down. He was a well-set, rather small man with a dark face and dancing bright eyes. Under his great coat were two silver-mounted pistols, a ditch and a great sword. He made his name known, Alan Stev-

en, and without fear announced himself as on a mission for Prince Charlie. From a money-belt about him he offered the Captain sixty guineas to be set ashore on Llinio Loch.

The Captain shook hands on the bargain, but at once went on deck to plot with his first officer as to how best to come at the money belt. "I had no love for the Captain, and also it was surly hospitality to a man we had all but drowned; so I warned the stranger of the plot. Surprised he was but not put out, asking me would I stand with him. Jacobite though he was, I said I would.

Two doors and a skylight furnished entrance to the roundhouse. Alan placed me with loaded pistols where I could see to shoot through at whoever might come at one closed door or through the glass skylight. The other door he left open, standing before it with dirk and sword. They came with a rush of feet and many loud cries toward Alan. I heard a shout from him and cry as of someone hurt. Then came five men with a spare yard for a battering ram to drive my door in. For the first third in my life I fled a pistol, and hit one of them, which drove them back. By then Alan's sword was running blood; and the first mate, he who had unbarred the cabin boy, lay dying on the floor, another lay beside him.

They came next to my side, some to the barred door and one dropping through the skylight to the floor, where, after first closing my eyes, I shot him. He dropped with a horrible groan. Another one's legs dangled through the skylight, and him I shot too, dropping dead atop of his companion. Alan was then striking one who clung to his legs, and putting the cutlass to another who was coming head on at him. A third held a cutlass over Alan and yet more were crowding at him through the door. He seemed lost; but he broke clear and, taking his distance, clove one, clove another, and then his sword flashing like quicksilver, drove the others like sheep along the deck.

We were masters of the brig. Alan embraced and kissed me, saying: "David, I love you like a brother. But O man, am I not the boing fighter!" and setting down by the table, sword in hand, he burst into a Gaelic song.

The very next night we struck on a reef. I was thrown into the sea, thinking I would drown, but found a song and with it kicked myself along till my feet found quiet water and dry land. On the ship or her company I could see nothing. Later I learned that all but the wounded were safe. The ship herself was a total loss to Captain Hosenon, which I did not grieve to hear.

After days of wandering and secret inquiry, for he was with a price on his head, I found Alan. It was in the same hour that I witnessed the killing of Campbell of Glenure, the man who had been doing the King's will against the Jacobites. The shot came in such fashion that I seemed to be an accomplice. I had to flee or be hanged. It was Alan who secured my immediate escape. For two months thereafter, with red-coats guarding every road and glen, I followed Alan through the country of the Campbells.

It was wet and cold and slim food for us both, with now and then a little something not much better. In the heat of a Jacobite. Weary I grew and full of pain, crawling the wet heather and climbing the ragged crags and hills. Posted bills promised great rewards for our capture—I saw them everywhere—and many there were who knew us for what we were; but never one, poor and miserable though they might be, to speak the word of betrayal. "Such," cried Alan proudly, "is the loyalty of the Highlander!"

We came safe at last to Queensferry and the home of Mr. Rankeller, who proved a shrewd kith friend, and who at once set about retrieving my rights in the Shaw estate. "Your father," he explained, "was a good man but weak. He forced your mother. To win your mother he let your uncle steal the estates. But we will have them back soon."

Alan aided us greatly in our plans. Half by quick wit and half by sheer boldness, he had my uncle, against his plan to have me kidnapped and sold into slavery in the Carolines. Mr. Rankeller and his clerk all the while listening in the shadows. And so I came into my own.

And Alan, who made a man of me? All he asked was to be put on the road of his mission. As to that, let me say if I say no more, that he went safe on his way and all went well with him thereafter.

Copyright, 1919, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post). Copyright in the United Kingdom, the Dominions, its Colonies and Dependencies, under the copyright act, by the Post Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., U. S. A. All rights reserved.

Spanish Industries Hurt

The constant strikes, followed by the lockout and the shorter working day in Catalonia, Spain, have so added to the cost of production of certain articles that certain products may now be imported which previously could not compete with local manufacturers. An example of this is hosiery, which has been brought in in considerable quantities from the United States.

Hogmanay.

Hogmanay, Hogmena or Hogmena means holy month. December is so called because our Lord was born on the 25th thereof. The word is derived from the Saxon "Hallow manath," and it is still customary in parts of Scotland for persons to go from door to door on that night, asking in rude rhymes for cakes or money. King Haak of Norway fixed the feast of Yule on Christmas day, the eve of which used to be called hogh-night, but the Scots were taught by the French to transfer the feast of Yule to the feast of Noel and hogh-night has ever since been the last of December.

He entered the cabin, or roundhouse, looking cool as you please, and called for something to eat and the drink to wash it down. He was a well-set, rather small man with a dark face and dancing bright eyes. Under his great coat were two silver-mounted pistols, a ditch and a great sword. He made his name known, Alan Stev-

The Major's Chastening

By MARTHA M'WILLIAMS

© 1921 by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"Why not be frank, major? It's a shocking waste of swear words—this way of merely thinking them," Mella asked, her accent intermediate between amusement and faint contempt. "It's because I don't want you to shut your door in my face. You women are so illogical—aggravate us beyond reason, then pretend to be amazed at—what is your own doing," the major spluttered, clutching the arms of his chair so hard his knuckles showed white.

"As how? Examples, please!" Mella returned demurely. "Just looking at examples, while I think of it, permit me to call attention to my rise, think what a grouch I'd be—with the steadfast provocation of my name."

"What's the matter with your name? Anyways, you can change it," the major retorted, grinning. Mella lifted her eyes. "Mella, Mella," she ejaculated. Martha Ellinor would have been bad enough as the penance of grandmothers, but Mella—Mella Marly—why, I sound like a counting-out rhyme!"

"Your own fault—you know you can change to Mrs. Elliott Jamleson whenever you have a mind to do it," the major said airily; "Mrs. Elliott, Gore Jamleson on your visiting card."

Mella smiled. "The prospect tempts, but it strengthens character to overcome temptation."

"A heap easier and pleasanter to succumb to them—witness this," the major said audaciously, kissing her full on the lips, while he held her close.

"Now, I should be wanting to swear, but I don't," Mella said, composedly, wiggling free. "You see I know there would be toll to pay whenever I provoked you into an outright proposal."

"So! You were sure you could?" the major asked, half angry, wholly amused.

"Intuition," the major snapped, glowering down from his height of six feet two.

"And did it tell you the lady's name?" Mella asked.

"No—I have known it since yesterday," the major said hoarsely. "Mella, Mella! Why do you do this? I could bear to lose you better—to a bad man."

"Better not know so many things than to know so many that ain't so," Mella quoted with a twinkle. "I really know things—for instance, that Billy is to marry Joey Dancy; also the girl who is going to marry you." Her blush said the rest, as the major smothered her in his arms, she whispering: "You ought to have guessed. I wouldn't have taken such trouble with you—if I had not meant to keep you for good."

MAKE BUSINESS OF SAVING

With Administration of One's Income Is the Foundation Stone of Building of Success.

Saving part of the income ought to be the rule of every man's life. Of course, this may be overdone, though it doesn't happen very often. To make a business of saving, a profession of economizing, a trade of thrifit, is likely to develop a narrow nature, even as reckless spending develops habitual improvidence. Which state of man is the worse?

To use good judgment in saving and spending alike—that's the idea. Rushin' put it in another way:

"Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money; it means administration of a house; its stewardship; spending or saving, whether money or time or anything else, to the best possible advantage."

The man whose wife spends his income as fast as he earns it keeps his nose bitten on the grindstone. The day will come when his earning capacity will be gone and no preserves will be found on the pantry shelf.

It is the same if the husband is the spender and the wife the saver. The best plan is when both follow Ruskin's plan of administration and stewardship, saving and spending with common sense and due attention to appropriate living.—Minneapolis Journal.

To Tell Time With Your Hands.

Hold your thumbs touching one another horizontally and extend the forefingers perpendicularly. Now hold the hands toward the sun so the shadow of one finger falls upon the other or upon the thumb of the other hand. Where the thumbs join is twelve o'clock, the tip of one finger 8 a.m., that of the other 8 p.m. The shadow will tell you what time it is with more accuracy than you can estimate it from the sun's position in the sky, after you have learned through experimenting what are the approximate "hour marks" on your improvised "clock." However, it should be remembered that these positions will change with the seasons, according as the days are long or short.

Dreams are made up of symbolic notions which are, however, easily deciphered, for symbols mean the same thing all over the world and have always meant the same thing. A nightmare is nothing but a dream so symbolic that we cannot understand its meaning and the image it conjures up frightens us. As soon as a sufferer from frequent nightmares, however, learns to interpret them and understand their meaning, he ceases to have them or to be frightened by them.

Dreams are made up of symbolic notions which are, however, easily deciphered, for symbols mean the same thing all over the world and have always meant the same thing. A nightmare is nothing but a dream so symbolic that we cannot understand its meaning and the image it conjures up frightens us. As soon as a sufferer from frequent nightmares, however, learns to interpret them and understand their meaning, he ceases to have them or to be frightened by them.

Mella, you perceive, was a rather lawless young woman, as well she might be, having never known the chastegings of brothers, sisters, consins or aunts. Sole heir to nothing parents reasonably rich, the wonder was, not that she flirted or danced or sang or rode or sat silent exactly as pleased her, but that it pleased her to be for the most part a singularly delightful and considerate entity, eager to give pleasure, even where she knew the return would be jealous criticism.

Also and further, she had a certain social presence that made her adept

in straightening tangles. Billy Beverley needed a wife with money and management, if he were ever to be anything but poor and plodding.

Joey Dancy had money, and was openly in the marriage market—but she would hardly have looked at Billy if Mella had not so much more than tolerated him as to make the major furious. There had been a feud, politely yelled, betwixt the two girls since Mella had put up her hair. If Joey could be made to believe she had snatched Billy a brand from the Mella burning—. There Mella giggled and went off for a spin in her small electric, taking Billy along, and obstinately passing three times by the Dancy place. And at the psychological moment in Passage Three she refused Billy for the fatal third time. When he asked: "Do you mean it; cross your heart?" she nodded mournfully, whispering more mournfully: "I have no heart, Billy. A bad, bad man has taken it—and run away." Then somehow, as women will, she shed Billy upon the Dancy piazza and whirled triumphantly away, but not until she had said privily to him: "I ought not to tell—but Joey loves you dearly. It would make me mighty happy to see you happy with her."

So she was not surprised when Billy boomed joyously next morning: "Mella, you're a witch for guessing—and other things." Sure, I'm engaged to Joey—she's set and everything. Old folks gave me their blessing. Mella, you feel about seven feet high." "What's the matter with your name? Anyways, you can change it," the major retorted, grinning. Mella lifted her eyes. "Mella, Mella," she ejaculated. Martha Ellinor would have been bad enough as the penance of grandmothers, but Mella—Mella Marly—why, I sound like a counting-out rhyme!"

"Your own fault—you know you can change to Mrs. Elliott, Gore Jamleson on your visiting card."

Mella smiled. "The prospect tempts, but it strengthens character to overcome temptation."

"A heap easier and pleasanter to succumb to them—witness this," the major said audaciously, kissing her full on the lips, while he held her close.

"Now, I should be wanting to swear, but I don't," Mella said, composedly, wiggling free. "You see I know there would be toll to pay whenever I provoked you into an outright proposal."

"So! You were sure you could?" the major asked, half angry, wholly amused.

"Intuition," the major snapped, glowering down from his height of six feet two.

"And did it tell you the lady's name?" Mella asked.

"No—I have known it since yesterday," the major said hoarsely. "Mella, Mella! Why do you do this? I could bear to lose you better—to a bad man."

"Better not know so many things than to know so many that ain't so," Mella quoted with a twinkle. "I really know things—for instance, that Billy is to marry Joey Dancy; also the girl who is going to marry you." Her blush said the rest, as the major smothered her in his arms, she whispering: "You ought to have guessed. I wouldn't have taken such trouble with you—if I had not meant to keep you for good."

MAKE BUSINESS OF SAVING

With Administration of One's Income Is the Foundation Stone of Building of Success.

Saving part of the income ought to be the rule of every man's life. Of course, this may be overdone, though it doesn't happen very often. To make a business of saving, a profession of economizing, a trade of thrifit, is likely to develop a narrow nature, even as reckless spending develops habitual improvidence. Which state of man is the worse?

To use good judgment in saving and spending alike—that's the idea. Rushin' put it in another way:

"Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money; it means administration of a house; its stewardship; spending or saving, whether money or time or anything else, to the best possible advantage."

The man whose wife spends his income as fast as he earns it keeps his nose bitten on the grindstone. The day will come when his earning capacity will be gone and no preserves will be found on the pantry shelf.

It is the same if the husband is the spender and the wife the saver. The best plan is when both follow Ruskin's plan of administration and stewardship, saving and spending with common sense and due attention to appropriate living.—Minneapolis Journal.

To Tell Time With Your Hands.

Hold your thumbs touching one another horizontally and extend the forefingers perpendicularly. Now hold the hands toward the sun so the shadow of one finger falls upon the other or upon the thumb of the other hand. Where the thumbs join is twelve o'clock, the tip of one finger 8 a.m., that of the other 8 p.m. The shadow will tell you what time it is with more accuracy than you can estimate it from the sun's position in the sky, after you have learned through experimenting what are the approximate "hour marks" on your improvised "clock." However, it should be remembered that these positions will change with the seasons, according as the days are long or short.

Charles M. C.
PHARMACIST,
302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R.I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the offices, Marlborough Street, near Harvard.

Office hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

WHY

The Steamboat Is Coming Back to the Mississippi

This year alone forty-three steamboats, better known to the old timers as "packets" came back to the streams of the lower Mississippi valley, observes a writer in the Dearborn Independent. Where did they come from? No man can tell. Some were newly built, but the majority, of which the writer has been able to count thirty-one, came from small inland ports, where they had been tied up for the last fifteen to thirty years, waiting, waiting, almost hopelessly, until the time when they could again compete with the iron horse in freight and passenger traffic. From Memphis and Vicksburg, and Greenville and Cairo; from the sheltered waters of the Bayou St. John at New Orleans; from little towns on the Atchafalaya, the Red and the Mississippi rivers; from fishing villages on the Mississippi and the Vermilion bays, and even from the far Sabine river of Texas, they were brought back, when railroad rates went to a height which made water hauls profitable.

But there is one difference in this return of the packet: "It is coming back as a freight carrier. It is coming back as a business proposition, not as a paternal pleasure boat, operating up and down the stream for the benefit of the wealthy planters of cotton and rice and sugar and cattle buyers and sellers; for the packet cannot compete with the passenger train, either north or south or east or west. But with railroad freight rates 20 to 40 per cent. above the cost at which freight can be handled profitably by water, other people besides the waterways department of the federal government have learned that their average of 176 miles a day freight haul, as compared with the twenty-four miles a day of the average freight car, is a profitable investment of firewood, water, negro labor and hulls, which for these freighters seldom cost more than \$25,000 to \$30,000."

Realizing the size and importance of this back-to-water movement of freight, the packet owners and the builders are going into it seriously, many cities along these rivers are investing large sums in terminals and cargo handling facilities to meet boat lines.

FIND EELS' BREEDING PLACE

Why the Discovery Is Considered of Importance to the People of European Countries.

There has always been a mystery about the eels. No one knew just where they came from.

It is said to have been solved by Danish scientists who discovered by a deep-sea exposition that eels leaving northwest Europe go to a place near the West Indies, where conditions for the development of their larvae are favorable. The larvae afterward make their way back to the places from which their parents started on the European coasts. This discovery is not only of geographical interest, but will also yield very practical results.

The supply of eels in the breeding places is said to be inexhaustible, and there will be an unlimited supply of eel food for European countries. Eels only undertake the journey from and back to the breeding place once in their lives.

Why Called "Cardinal Virtues."

The chief virtues of the ancients as far back as Socrates were justice, prudence, temperance and fortitude.

They were called cardinal virtues because all other human virtues depended upon their existence—turned or hinged on them. The word cardinal, from the Latin "cardo," means a hinge.

Such an enumeration, however, is by no means exhaustive. It has often been pointed out that the list omits entirely the fundamental virtue of benevolence. Conscientiousness, courage, modesty, sympathy and reverence are other cardinal virtues, but not contained in the original roster.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why Pianos Should Be Kept Tuned.

Players insist on having their piano tuned before performance. This is necessary to insure perfect tone. It is agreed that in order to obtain satisfactory results and at the same time preserve the tone quality and keep the action in perfect working order, it is necessary to have the home piano tuned at least twice a year.

Pianos receiving such attention are always in fairly good condition, while those receiving irregular attention are never in condition. All other stringed instruments require more or less tuning every time they are used, then why should a piano be neglected?

Containers Expensive.

It is computed that from a tenth to a quarter of the cost of foodstuffs in the United States goes to pay for states and other containers that are thrown away instead of being used a second time.—Brooklyn Eagle.

ORDER COMING BACK SLOWLY IN CENTRAL EUROPE

Huge Problems of Reconstruction Yet to Be Solved, but Progress Is Made.

WOUNDS OF WAR ARE HEALING

To Casual Observers Distress May Seem Incurable, but Not So to One of Long Experience—Signs of Returning Order.

Vienna.—What is the position of Central Europe? Are conditions so appalling that there is no hope? Are the gloomy tales of dark despair, poured unceasingly into the eager ears of travelers, who have on only too human inclination to hear the worst, an accurate reflection of the present state and a dependable forecast of the future?

These are questions which, even the traveler must ask himself, and they must occur yet more pointedly to the mind of the public, confused as it can help but by the conflicting accounts of superficial and haphazard observers who have some specific prejudice to support, who are willing to ascribe honest truth to the making of sound phrase, or who may be slightly too strongly influenced by first impressions without the background of extended experience necessary to give them their comparative value.

Thousands in Want.

First impressions are always vivid and they may also be accurate. In so far as hasty glimpses into the life of Central and Eastern Europe tell a story of insufficient food and clothing, of lack of work, of the misery of homelessness and of the crudities of ignorance and ignorance, government, no false ideas are created. There can be no doubt of the immense need of hundreds of thousands of people, hungry and cold, through no fault of their own, willing to work if they have the chance, victims, in short, of the great convulsion which tore Europe into discordant parts at spring burst, the smouldering ice of rivers into ragged, crunching cakes.

Humanitarian considerations and the general good of the world demand that these people should be succored. It is abhorrent to civilization that people in one part of the world should wallow in plenty at the same moment that those in another part starve. It is dangerous to let a sore fester when it may be cured by prompt and intelligent treatment. So the enlightened world, in spite of stupid and cynical criticism, will help these people and will aid with special willingness the children and youth in whom lies the possibility of higher purpose and nobler aims than have actuated their elders, who are still linked to the cankered past.

But to the listening world there seems to come from these countries only an unvarying wail and it wishes to know if this is to be without change to the end of time. There is such a thing as becoming weary in well-doing.

Long, Close Observation.

I have had some opportunity to make comparisons and note changes, and I feel that I am in a position to answer, partly, at least, some of the questions propounded at the beginning of this article, says a correspondent of the New York World. I first went into the Central European region two years ago, only a few months after the armistice, and I have either resided in or made trips to the various countries at intervals ever since. I have talked with travelers who were seeing conditions for the first time, and I have noted the reactions and judgments they have formed. Their views have depended on the intelligence and character of the observer himself. The conclusions have run through the scale from blithely, exaggeration by sensational mongers of non-typical instances to the mature reflections of conscientious writers. Yet throughout the reports of all these touring chroniclers, different as they may be in personality, there runs a note of incurable wretchedness—tableau of chaos from which no order can ever come.

This is a very natural result, for in Austria and Hungary and Germany one hears nothing from a certain class but the reiterated parrot-cry: "An impossible situation; it cannot last." One's ears are assailed with complaints about the "unjust and crushing peace" and "the fools at Paris," and the absurdities of the new nations created. The transient, hearing such talk and seeing the misery everywhere apparent, cannot well help assimilating some of the hopelessness, but if his view had been longer he would be able to put such things in true perspective. He is too close to the picture; it must be viewed in the light of years and there progress is visible.

Few Trains and Slow.

When I first went into Vienna in the early spring of 1919 I rode in on a freight train from Trieste. The train was carrying food and was guarded by American sailors. It was the only kind of train running from that direction. The only other train from any direction was a military train from Paris through Vienna to Warsaw three times a week, which was inaccessible to any but officials and persons willing to pay exorbitant fares. Trains in every direction were practically non-existent. Railroad stations were deserted. The long, empty passenger platforms and unattended waiting rooms seemed like remnants of a civilization which had passed.

When a Train ran semi-occasionally from Vienna to Budapest the time of transit was indefinite. They train

movements accorded with the vagaries of the crew. Passengers simply took a chance. They trusted themselves to the train much as they would to a life raft, hoping for the best but fearing the worst.

One train, I recall, which left Budapest four days to reach Vienna—130 miles distant. It stopped on the prairie, it halted at whistling posts. It stopped anywhere when it got tired. There was no food aboard, and passengers bartered socks, shoes and clothing to the peasants for bread and meat, as paper money was not acceptable.

There was no railroad train to Czechoslovakia for a long time and no communication by boat along the Danube. When traffic did begin spasmodically, savage customs officials met travelers at the frontiers and treated them to bodily search for money and valuables, hurling them like cattle and hurling their luggage violently about.

In Germany railroad traffic was better, but there were few trains and no through service. Such trains as did run were shamefully crowded. They were unlighted and sometimes even unlighted. It was only about a year ago that one of the infrequent trains which left Vienna in the direction of Switzerland had accommodations for 350, but 800 or more crowded into it. People were jammed into it like cattle being shipped to the packing house. In fact, everywhere throughout Central Europe travelling, when possible at all, meant delay, discomfort and peril.

Improvement Is Marked.

Such was the situation in 1919, but now the improvement, which has been gradual and imperceptible perhaps to persons of a single experience, is marked. Clean, comfortable trains with dining car service run between Budapest and Vienna in about five hours; there is a through train to Berlin by way of Prague in fifteen and a half hours and other through trains with sleeping cars to Rome, Trieste and Warsaw. One has the choice of two direct routes from London to Vienna and Vienna to London by way of either Calais or Ostend. The traveler to England can even take a day couch in Vienna and not be compelled to leave it until he has to board the channel boat.

In Berlin, city ticket offices which were closed not so long ago will now sell tickets through to London, to Paris, to Rome, to Vienna or to Warsaw. A train which leaves Berlin at eight in the morning will put you into London next morning at 10:30, by way of the Hook of Holland. German sleeping accommodations, with two persons in a compartment, which were eagerly sought not long ago (and did not exist at all immediately following the armistice) are now regarded as second-class. A first class ticket calls for a whole compartment, the upper berth being unused.

There still remain imbecilities of customs inspections and occasional rudeness; there is the annoyance of having to buy new tickets at some frontiers in the money of the country entered and there is the surprise of having Polish money refused for a fare on a train in Polish territory, but everywhere there has been amelioration of the disorganization which followed the armistice and a tending to ward the normal.

If one is not too exacting or perhaps he may now travel over Europe in comfort. And amazingly cheaply by American standards. Two persons who recently journeyed from London to Vienna, to Budapest, back to Vienna, to Prague; to Warsaw, to Danzig, to Berlin and to London, accomplished the trip of a month's duration at an expense for both, including hotel bills, of approximately \$350.

If traffic and transportation conditions are slowly becoming better, so too are political relations improving. People who two years ago, or even one year ago, were abusing, and threatening one another, have subsided into a more moderate mood. As they become a little busier they have not so much time to snarl and hate.

Signs of Returning Order.

These are some of the symptoms of order gradually, very gradually, re-establishing itself. There are still huge problems of reconstruction that must be met, difficult adjustments that must be made. There will certainly be more minor eruptions before there is a settling down, but there must be a beginning of all things, and, comparing the present with what existed in the very near past, one cannot fail to remark a tangible structure emerging out of the general wreckage.

The thoughtless, who expected that the illusinations of war would be as easily remedied as washing the grime from one's hands, betray ignorance of the duration of natural processes, and the Jeremias whose mouths are filled with lamentation take so much joy in bemoaning the glittering shell of a dead tyranny that they fail to note the hesitating, beginning of a new freedom.

Find Old Spectacles.

Salina, Kan.—A pair of old spectacles, believed to have been lost by a Swede pioneer when this country first was settled, were found a few days ago by J. M. Spencer, near Smolan. The spectacles will be given to the Kansas State Historical Society. They have double lenses. They probably were made 50 years ago.

Caesar's Words.

Julius Caesar is credited with the saying, which means, "I came, I saw, I conquered," in connection with his victories in Pontus, a kingdom of Asia Minor, B. C. 47. The historian Suetonius states that the words were displayed before Caesar's title in his public triumph, to indicate the rapidity with which the campaign was concluded. Plutarch, in his life of Caesar, says the latter, in the account he gave one of his Roman friends of his victory over Pharnaces at Zela in Pontus, used the three words as a concise summary of the expedition.

Really Indian Invention.

Arable figures were invented not by the Arabs but by the Indians.

FABRICS FOR THE SUMMER CLOTHES

Drop-Stitch Voiles, Batistes, Dotted Swiss, Organies, and Linens Are Used.

HATS TO ACCOMPANY FROCKS

American Shops Are Importing and Creating Headgear for Wear With Individual Outfits—Brighter Bathing Suits.

Women are interested in knowing all the fashion news, but there is a great deal that must be perceived as news only, as in its original showing it is not applicable to the use of the woman who makes her own clothes or has them made at home; avers a prominent fashion correspondent. Then, too, there are many ideas that, while extremely useful, as suggestions, cannot be adopted in the way that they are originally presented.

Some models are original designs worked out as suggestions for making simple and inexpensive warm-weather clothes that are practical to wear at any hour of a summer day.

The materials selected are the newest cotton imports of the sheer variety. Since of the advanced summer models that the French designers have sent us and some that our best American dressmakers are preparing are very attractive.

In materials, drop-stitch voiles, batistes, dotted swiss, organies, English prints, handkerchief and heavy linens are used. Then there are imported voiles and organies, daintily embroidered, in many instances the fabrics being of a pale shade, and the embroidery white. A frock made of such fabrics naturally would be very simple, with perhaps a tiny ribbon belt of a contrasting color.

We have had all of these materials with us in past seasons, but this year they are so remarkable in their colorings and weaves that they give us fresh inspiration. All the marvelous hues of the most beautiful silks have been reproduced in plain, brocaded and checked organies, voiles, batistes and swiss. The shades range from the palest blues to the deep browns, cerise shades and new reds.

The clothes prepared for those going South are noteworthy for the practical element combined with the daintiness characteristic of summer apparel. There are no extreme effects. All the dresses are of designs suitable to the well-dressed woman's summer wardrobe. Many of them are of the chemise type, with trimmings of drawwork and hemstitching. When they are made with a waistline it is placed low on the hips.

Linen Frock of Simple Charm.

A frock of unusual charm, and one that might easily be made at home, is developed from orchid handkerchief linen and made in simple chemise form, with short kimono sleeves. The neckline is of square cut and slashed at both corners of the front to a depth of about five or six inches. The trimming is quite as simple as the frock itself, and consists of tiny loops made of bias strips of the material.

These loops are on the bottom of the skirt, the sleeves and neck, continuing down either side of the slashed portions of the blouse. A dainty girdle of narrow velvet ribbon a few shades darker than the material from which the dress is evolved ties in loops at either side at a low waistline.

It will be noted that practically all of this summer's frocks slip on over the head, whether they are in chemise form or made in two separate pieces. In each instance the waist portion is slashed to enable the wearer to don the garment more readily.

White net—always a favorite for lingerie dresses—this season is emblazoned, and sometimes is used in conjunction with batiste or another sheer material. A charming frock for a young girl is developed from pale pink batiste and white net. The foundation of the dress is of the batiste. The skirt has an apron tunic extending below the foundation. This tunic is of alternating bands of the batiste and net, the former trimmed with tiny picot-edged ruffles on net.

With the turning of our thoughts toward clothes to be worn in tropical climes there comes the question of hats.

The fabric hat is always popular for resort and warm weather wear. Some of our exclusive American shops are importing and creating hats to accompany each individual frock. One dress is of white georgette crepe, made in straight-line effect, with a deep flinch collar finished with double ruffles of the material, picot-edged. An embroidery design of large white daisies done in heavy white silk threads, the centers of the flowers in yellow, is worked into both the waist and skirt portion.

Bathing Suit Now the Thing.

No longer do women indulge in ocean bathing solely for the exhilaration of the salt water dip. A very long time ago the bath was the thing and the apparel merely a necessary adjunct, but so surely and so steadily have bathing suit fashions been gaining for themselves a place of importance that we have all but forgotten that we ever went to the ocean just for the pleasure of swimming. New clothes are the first consideration, the dip a secondary one.

No true daughter of Neptune is without two or three of the one-piece Jersey swimming suits that have grown in popularity each year. These have become almost a standard fashion in bathing suits, so that there is little change in them, except in the colors favored. Last year the darker hues were in the foreground. This year the shops are showing many bright-colored Jersey suits. It is a question as to whether old rose and French blue wonders will retain their charm of color after a few plunges in the ocean.

Performing Duty.

Let us do our duty in out shop or in our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle, and depend upon our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that, the bumblebee of all will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.—Theodore Parker.

Another attractive model is of satin-colored batiste, with plaited side panels trimmed with tiny white batiste ruffles.

The frock of white organie is always becoming and finds infinite use.

It can be worn on so many occasions. On a white organie which embodies many ideas there is a foundation of the material, over which is placed an apron tunic, extending three-quarters of the way around the skirt. The novelty lies in the trimming used on both the tunic and the underskirt. It is in the form of circles made of orange and white organie, one intersecting

the other. The child thus formed is inserted in the organdie. Two rows of it are in the tunic and one in the underskirt. The round neck is bound with navy blue taffeta ribbon, which continues down the slashed portion and ties in little bows. A girdle of the same ribbon about three inches in width encircles the waist at a rather low line and ties in a bow with long

HOW

LARGE CONCRETE BRIDGE WAS BUILT UNDER TENTS.—By enclosing the entire work in a tent, a concrete bridge over the Little Goose River in Sheridan county, Wyoming, was constructed during the winter months. The work is described in Concrete in Architecture and Engineering, which is thus quoted in Engineering and Contracting:

"Weather conditions last winter in that part of the country were the most severe encountered in many years, but because the highway, of which this bridge formed a link, is a very important one, the state highway department saw the need of completing the bridge so that the road between Sheridan and Dietz might be opened early in 1920 for the heavy farm hauling prevailing in that section. Construction work was started in the fall of 1919, and forms for the three spans erected. Before any concrete was placed, a large tent was set up over the entire structure site and fires kept going in the enclosure in stoves with smoke outlets through the top of the tent. Aggregates and mixing water were heated. During the progress of the work a snow-storm followed by severe cold lasting several days, tested the effectiveness of the tent. The housing proved equal to the emergency, however, and

Historical and Literary Queries

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1921

NOTES

(Continued)

1751

The British parliament passed a law this year to prevent the Colonial bills of credit from being in future a legal tender.

The pavement in Queen street, what is now called the Parade, leading from Thames street to State House, was laid this year at the expense of the Colony.

The town of Newport granted to certain individuals the privilege of erecting works on the south end of Goat Island for trying out whale oil.

Thomas Carter of Newport was executed at Tower Hill, South Kingston, for the murder of William Jackson of Virginia.

1752

The year 1752, by an act of Parliament, commenced on the first of January. Before this time, the year commenced on the 25th of March.

Stephen Decatur, who was a captain in the United States Navy, and father of the late distinguished Commodore Stephen Decatur, was born in Newport in April, 1752.

The year 1752 will be long remembered in the annals of science as the time when the lightning was first drawn down from the heavens by the most simple of all contrivances, by Franklin's kite at Philadelphia.

1753

The lighthouse on Beavertail was destroyed by fire about this time; it was built of wood and the General Assembly voted to build another of brick and stone.

Rev. Mr. McSparrow, an English missionary of the Episcopal Church in Rhode Island, in a work published in Dublin this year, estimates the navigation of this Colony at 300 sail of vessels from 60 tons and upwards.

1754

The Fellowship Club in Newport was incorporated this year; it was an association of persons who had commanded vessels, and the object of the Society was mutual assistance and to relieve the widows and orphans of deceased members. The name was afterward changed to that of the Newport Marine Society.

1755

This year a census of the Colony was taken by order of the Lord Commissioners for trade and plantations, when the whole number was found to be 35,989 whites and 4,957 blacks and Indians. Newport contained 3,754 and Providence 3,159.

1756

A look-out house was built on the top of the Stone Mill; which then belonged to John Banister.

1757

This year some public spirited citizens projected a plan of building an edifice in Newport, the lower part to be used for a public market and the upper part for a public granary. The Assembly granted permission to raise 24,000 pounds (old tenor) for that purpose by lottery.

The first public Masonic celebration in Rhode Island took place this year in Newport. The Masons assembled at the Court House and from thence walked in procession dressed in their jewels and badges to Trinity Church, where a discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Pollen.

Several large privateers were fitted out from Newport this year, among them were the brig *Defiance*, Capt. Benj. Wanton, mounting 16 carriage guns and 24 swivel guns and ship *Prince Ferdinand*, Capt. McCloud of twenty-four guns.

1758

The brick Colony house in Providence was commenced this year. The building lot was purchased from the proceeds of lotteries. It appears to have been built the following summer.

A lottery was granted for paving the lower part of the Main street in Newport.

Samuel Park and Benjamin Hawkins, mariners, were executed on Foster's Beach in Newport on the 21st of August, 1760, agreeably to the sentence of the court of commissioners for piracy on the high seas.

The Rev. Marmaduke Brown was this year elected to officiate as minister of Trinity Church in Newport, in the place of Rev. Mr. Pollen, who had removed from that place.

1761

The funeral rites for King George 2d. took place in Newport on the 19th of January; after the conclusion of the ceremonies, King George 3d was proclaimed by the Sheriff from the Court House.

On the 12th of March between two and three in the morning, two shocks of an earthquake were felt all over New England.

This year a company of comedians arrived in Newport from Williamsburg, Va. The manager's name was David Douglass and he brought a recommendation signed by the Governor and council, and also by upwards of 100 of the principal gentlemen of Virginia in favor. A town meeting was called, and the question taken whether they should be allowed to perform, but it was decided in the negative. The vote was afterwards reconsidered and they were allowed to have their performances.

They erected a temporary theatre at the upper part of the Point, near Dyer's Gate, and the performances were well attended. This is said to have been the first company that ever performed in America.

On Friday evening, the 23rd of October, 1761, came on a most terrible storm from the northeast with a heavy rain, which did not subside until after two o'clock the next morning. The violence of the wind broke off part of the steeple of Trinity Church in Newport, which fell upon the adjacent house, went through the roof and garret floor and broke the summer of the chimney floor where it lodged, but did no other damage.

It is said that the farmers of Massachusetts made two thousand dollars last year by selling burdock roots.

Brigham Young is said to have lost twenty-seven mothers-in-law in the last five years.

It is not without a shock that we read under the authority of Mr. Greeley's Tribune, a terrible charge

tide which occasioned a great loss of goods in the stores on the wharves. Many vessels were driven ashore and many trees blown up by the roots. The company at the theatre on Point had great difficulty in reaching their homes, and part of the building was blown down. In Providence they had the highest tide that was ever known in the memory of man. Weybosset bridge was carried away and great damage was done to the wharves and shipping.

There was a large emigration this year from New England to Nova Scotia. About 100 persons went from Newport.

The number of dwelling houses in Newport was eight hundred and eighty-eight. Warehouses and other houses 430. Polls from 16 years and upwards 1,250. Slaves from 14 to 46, 666.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Newport Mercury, March 24, 1821

The Mercury at this date was published by Wm. and J. H. Barber, at 133 Thames Street.

Stephen Bowen informs his friends and the public that he has taken his brother, George Bowen, into partnership and the business in future will be conducted under the firm of S. & G. Bowen.

Stephen T. Northam advertises for sale 100 tons of Sued Iron imported by him in Brig Stephen from Stockholm, 7000 bu. Salt imported by him in Brig Anne Gadsden from St. Ubes. Also a quantity of palm oil, camwood and ivory, now landing from Brig John, Capt. Bigley, just arrived from Africa.

Joseph W. Eddy informs his friends and the public that he will open a school on May 1st at the corner of Spring Street, near Mr. Eddy's meeting-house.

Dr. Willan, in his report on Diseases, says, "I am convinced that considerable more than one-eighth of all deaths of persons over twenty years of age happen prematurely from drinking spirits."

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Newport Mercury, March 28, 1816

The Mercury at this date is published by J. H. Barber, 133 Thames Street.

The new steamer *Perry* arrived here on Sunday evening last from New York. She will commence running next week between this place and Fall River. She is commanded by Capt. Geo. W. Woolsey, well known as a gentlemanly and efficient officer.

Marrried in Portsmouth on Tuesday, Mr. William B. Chase of Middletown, to Miss Cynthia Coggeshall, daughter of Peleg Coggeshall of Portsmouth.

One of the compositors in the office of the Cincinnati Times received a letter last week containing a remittance and informing him that he was now heir to the property and cash, amounting to upwards of \$10,000. He immediately dropped his stick, put on his hat and left for parts unknown.

C. Gyles, Cashier Merchants' Bank, announces a semi-annual dividend, of \$300 a share, payable April 1st.

Steamer *Neptune*, Capt. Rollins, leaves every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for New York, Charles N. Tilley, agent, Fare, cabin \$3.75. Deck, \$2.87.

John D. Northam has established a sperm and whale oil factory. The public are respectfully invited to call, examine and test the articles he offers, near the Brick Market.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Newport Mercury, March 25, 1871

The Mercury at this date was published by Fred A. Pratt, editor and proprietor, Thames Street, corner of Market Square.

In those days there were two trains daily between Newport and Boston, leaving Newport 7:40 a. m. and 3 p. m.

According to the records, last summer was the hottest known in ninety-two years.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Col. John A. Gardiner as the U. S. District Attorney for this District.

Alfred Smith reports the rental of seventy-five cottages thus far for the summer.

The Newport Light Infantry has received an appropriation of \$500.00 from the General Assembly for the purpose of building new gun cases.

The Schooner William Jones, loaded with granite for the new bridge which is to connect New York and Brooklyn, lies on Kettle Bottom Rock, at the entrance of Narragansett Bay. She was making this harbor Tuesday morning, when she went on the rock. The Captain, wife, child and crew were taken off safely.

Mr. George H. Norman of this city has received the contract for laying the pipes for the Lowell Water Works.

Mr. A. W. Luther has taken the store long occupied by Wm. E. Dennis on Thames Street.

A Providence man some seven years ago took some stock in a fancy corporation for a bad debt. Recently, some of its creditors finding his name on the list of stockholders, commenced suits against him and obtained judgments which have thus far amounted to \$25,000, and the end is not yet.

August Belmont has twenty horses in training for the spring races.

Two boys were smothered to death in Wickford on Tuesday by the falling in of a cave.

There is a coal strike still on in the Pennsylvania mines. (That sounds natural.)

This paper laments that the Yankees are dying out. It says that one-fourth the population of Massachusetts are foreigners. (Probably it would find a much greater number to-day.)

Congress has passed an act reducing the standing army to thirty thousand.

The New York papers on Tuesday contained another startling broadside of exposures of the manner in which the Tammany Ring has been robbing the city of millions of dollars.

It is said that the farmers of Massachusetts made two thousand dollars last year by selling burdock roots.

Brigham Young is said to have lost twenty-seven mothers-in-law in the last five years.

It is not without a shock that we

read under the authority of Mr. Greeley's Tribune, a terrible charge

against the girls of this country. He charges that deaths from delirium tremens have occurred during the past winter in New York, among cultured, delicately-reared women, some of them young, generous, lovable girls.

The principal advertisers in this issue are: Henry Bull, Jr., Albert Sherman, Slocom & Buck, John Stoddard, McAdam & Openshaw, C. James M. K. Southwick, Brown, Godard & Barlow, Andrew Bryer, John D. Richardson, H. A. Heath & Co., John G. Weaver, Jr., Augustus Goffe, Wm. H. Weston, A. C. Landers, Wm. C. Cozens & Co., Charles P. Barber & Son, Peleg Bryer, Joseph Bradford, George Bowen, H. W. Pray, Carry, Brothers, Brown & Howard, Fitch, Engs & Co., John D. Dennis, Langley & Engs, Alfred Smith, Hazard, Ford & Co. (Of this entire number we believe that Peleg Bryer is the only man alive today.)

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Newport Mercury, March 28, 1836

The Mercury at this date was published by John P. Sanborn, editor and proprietor, at its present locality, Mercury Building, 182 Thames Street.

Last Thursday evening the members of the medical profession in this city assembled at the residence of Dr. Henry E. Turner to do honor to his sixty years of medical practice in Newport. Dr. T. A. Kenefick presided and Dr. Storer, who was the speaker of the occasion, in a most felicitous speech presented Dr. Turner a handsome loving cup, bearing beautifully engraved inscriptions on three sides.

The donors were Drs. H. R. Storer, F. H. Rankin, C. F. Barker, V. M. Mott Francis, Mary E. Baldwin, H. G. Mackay, Henry Ercoyd, T. A. Kenefick, S. C. Powell, P. F. Curley, W. S. Sherman, F. J. Davis, C. A. Brackett, H. W. Gillett, and Frederick Bradley.

Redwood Lodge, No. 11, K. of P., made a fraternal visit to Columbus Lodge, No. 33, of Block Island, on Tuesday.

Street Commissioner Hamilton has a large amount of spring work laid out and will begin operations as soon as weather will permit.

John Vars has purchased a book and periodical business in Greenfield, Mass.

A new bicycle club was formed on Wednesday with Clark Burdick for President, Clarence S. Cossar Secretary and Harry G. Hammatt Treasurer. Thos. P. Peckham, Charles E. Lawton and Frank G. Kimball were appointed a committee on Constitution and By-laws.

Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., propose to give an amateur opera next fall. Joseph Haire, Arthur B. Comerford and Eminent Commander J. W. Sampson are the committee in charge.

Schooner *Geo. E. Vernon*, formerly of Newport, was sighted February 16 about 200 miles S. E. of Bermuda. She has been a derelict for four months and is a menace to navigation.

Mr. Philip Caswell of Powder Point School of Duxbury, Mass., is home for the Easter holidays.

A brother of Conductor W. W. Sampson died in Chicago this week.

The Democrats of New York are talking of Hon. Perry Belmont as their candidate for Governor this fall.

State Election this year comes on April Fool's Day, April 1st. Somebody doubtless will get fooled.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., March 19, 1921.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of HARRIET ELIZABETH WESCOOT, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

Persons having claims against said estate will be notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

EMERSON H. MITCHELL, Administrator.

Probate Court of the City of Newport March 24th, 1921

Estate of Louise and Andrew Dawson

Petition in writing is made by CHARLES J. DAWSOON of said Newport, requesting that he, or some other suitable person may be appointed Administrator of the persons and estates of LOUISE and ANDREW DAWSON, minors under the age of fourteen, children of said Charles J. Dawson and of Joanna Dawson, late of said Newport, deceased, and said petition is received and referred to the eleventh day of April next at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*, and that notice be served according to law.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Sc. Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court

Newport, March 26th, 1921

Newport, Sc.

WHEREAS CLINTON M. RICHARDS of the City of Newport is said County and State has filed in this office his petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Clinton M. Richards and Helen A. Richards now in Paris to the said Clinton M. Richards unknown; and whereas an order for notice to the said Helen A. Richards to file her petition in this office has been granted and entered.

THE UNDERSIGNED is hereby caused to file his petition and that she shall appear if she shall so desire at the Superior Court to be held in the Court House in Newport in the County of Newport, on the 1st day of May, A. D. 1921, then and there to respond to the same.

SYDNEY D. HERVEY, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport March 24th, 1921

REQUEST in writing is made by FLORENCE WIGGINTON of said Newport, widow of Martin Wigginton, late of said Newport, deceased intestate, that she, or some other suitable person may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport March 24th, 1921